

CHARLIE'S RING.

MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY

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BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

MRS. GREYSON was in a quandary.

Either her patterns were much too large, or her cloth greatly too small. Arrange them how she would, she fell short by so much as a good hand's breadth; and after worrying over the problem for a good half hour, and finding as yet no proper solution, she was fast getting into a state of despair.

"I can't see how I ever got those other things out. I'm sure I have exactly the same number of yards. Hark! wasn't that the front gate? Mercy on me! Charlie, can it be any one coming to spend the afternoon? And not a slice of cake in the house! I knew *something* would happen if we put off baking; but I did want to get these things cut out. Do look and see if any one is coming."

Charlie, who had been sewing at the other side of the table, peeped out between the curtains.

"Yes," said she, "it's Miss Patience. She's coming up the front walk. Her knitting is rolled up in her handkerchief, and of course she'll stay to tea."

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Greyson, hastily adjusting her dress, tying on a clean apron and pulling out the bows of her cap ties, "it's *always* so. If there's ever a day when one is not prepared for visitors, somebody's sure to come. I never knew it to fail yet. And Biddy's gone to a wake, and won't be back to-night, and there's no one to do a turn except ourselves; and I expect the kitchen fire is out."

"Never mind, mother," said Charlie briskly; "there's the bell. I'll run down and take Miss Patience into the parlor, and you come in and entertain her, and I'll see about the supper. Don't you worry. I'll make a sponge cake and some of my nice biscuits, and Miss Patience will never

know but what we have been expecting her all day."

Charlie found Miss Patience on the doorstep, looking severely at a futile attempt which had been made to ornament the porch with a straggling honeysuckle and a sweetbrier. Introduced to the cool shady parlor, Miss Patience surrendered her well-worn cottage bonnet and limp shawl, smoothed down the rusty folds of her black bombazine, and calmly seated herself to go on with her knitting.

"Your ma's well, I hope, Charlotte?"

Miss Patience did not believe in pet names.

"I was tellin' Miss Rodgers this mornin' that I hadn't seen any of you in so long, I thought I'd run over and see how you were gettin' on; and just then the new minister came in, and he said your father had asked him to come over to tea. So I made haste and started early, so as to help entertain him. He's young, you know, and young ministers are apt to be backward. O, how d'ye do, Miss Greyson? I was just tellin' Charlotte, here, that the new minister's comin' over to tea, I believe. He's a talented young man, and so full of the spirit, and does preach in such a heavenly way, that I says to Miss Rodgers, says I, St. Paul couldn't a done it better; and you mark my words, says I, his labors are going to be owned and blessed."

Mrs. Greyson, likewise employed with her knitting, made a fitting reply, and Charlie, seeing the two fairly embarked upon a flood of neighborhood gossip, stole out unperceived, and began operations in the kitchen.

Kindling the fire, she left the oven to heat, and turned to collect ingredients for her cake. Beating eggs to a stiff froth, mixing in the powdered sugar and the snow-white flour, she soon had a loaf of cake ready for the oven. Then she decided to make jumbles, and in the mysterious composition of these, and the cutting out and arranging on long baking-tins, the time passed quickly, and her thoughts went somewhat after this fashion:

"It's provoking to think Biddy should be gone to-day, of all days, and Miss Patience here, and Mr. Edwards coming. I shall hardly have time to dress, and I meant to have worn my white muslin the first time the new minister came. And my face will be red, and I shall look like a fright, and

Miss Patience will be sure to draw attention to me, and then I shall turn all sorts of colors. O dear! I wish—"

But what it was Charlie was about to wish must forever remain a mystery, for just at that moment her father's voice was heard, and her father's form appeared suddenly, turning the corner of the house.

"Walk right in this way. O, never mind about dust. We'll go through the kitchen, and I guess we'll find the women folks in the parlor. Charlie! O, this you? My daughter, Brother Edwards." And the good deacon waved his hand in the direction of the kitchen table, upon which Charlie was at that moment depositing a tin of savory-smelling jumbles. The little hand she extended was all aglow and somewhat floury, but Mr. Edwards bowed over it as reverently as if it had never come in contact with anything more useful than a crochet-needle or the keys of a piano. Charlie scarcely dared to lift her eyes, but she had a vision of a very handsome face, a pair of dark eyes and a fine figure, which, following the deacon's lead, vanished through a doorway, leaving her to recover at her leisure.

"Was ever anything so provoking?" sighed Charlie. "To think of father's bringing the new minister in at the back door! But it's just like him. He never yet did anything like other people. There is no use in my dressing up now. He's seen me in this calico, and I'm not going to change—so there! I'm glad the cake's coming out so well. There's the last of those jumbles. Now for the biscuits." And Charlie tripped off to the dairy for the cup of cream which was to go to their making up. Before long the table was laid in the cool dining-room beyond; the snowy damask, the pretty gilt-edged china, the old-fashioned silver, a pat of golden butter, a dish of amber-hued honey, preserves as clear as loaf-sugar could make them, the jumbles, the sponge cake, a steaming plate of beautiful biscuits. Surely, it was a tea-table to delight the eye of an artist, as well as the palate of an epicure.

So thought Mr. Edwards, as he took his seat at the right of his hostess, with Miss Patience beyond him, and Charlie opposite. The latter had found time to don a fresh white apron, and pin a rose in her hair, but she still wore the neat calico; and, judging from the satisfied glances which

the young minister sent in her direction. I don't think he missed the white muslin which she had proposed to wear the first time he should honor them by his presence at their tea-table.

Miss Patience took it upon herself to praise the biscuits.

"I declare, Miss Greyson, you do have the best luck with your biscuits! These are real nice; light as a puff, and so rich, too. How do you manage it?"

"You must ask Charlie. She has the knack of doing it better than any one else in the house; and to-day Biddy happened to be away—"

"Now, you don't say you've been out here at work all the afternoon!" cried Miss Patience, suddenly remembering that Charlie had been invisible since the first few moments of her arrival. "I wish I'd known it. I'd a come out and helped you. Why didn't you give me a hint? Yes, thank you; I will take another. Brother Edwards, let me pass you the biscuits."

The minister expressed his thanks, took another, broke it open, and in its centre found a little plain gold ring, Charlie's own ornament, which she had neglected to remove, and which had slipped from her finger, and which he now dexterously transferred to his vest pocket without attracting the slightest attention. So the tea-table proved a success, thanks to Charlie; and for a quiet hour afterwards Mr. Edwards managed to engage her in conversation, and he found that the little girl who could make such nice cake and biscuit, could also talk with him in a way that not many young ladies of his acquaintance could hope to imitate.

Charlie had read all the books in the village library, and was longing to get hold of a good many more of which she had only heard; and Mr. Edwards could tell her all about them, nay, offered to lend her any or all of his own stock of books; and was amply repaid by the grateful light which beamed from her brown eyes at the unexpected offer.

Charlie had never before spoken so freely to any one upon so brief an acquaintance, but the young man was so perfectly respectful, and put her so thoroughly at her ease, that she could not feel shy or embarrassed. So they chatted on until Miss Patience rolled up her knitting, and declared she must be going; and Mr. Edwards went

away in her wake. Not until they were gone did Charlie discover the loss of her ring. Then consternation seized her. She looked high and low. Tried to remember when she had last felt it upon her finger; searched through kitchen, pantry and dairy, but not a sign of it could she find. Giving up the search for the night, she determined to renew it again in the morning, confident that if she only looked long and closely enough, she should find it.

The reader who knows where that identical ring was all the time safely reposing, need not be told that the search was vain.

Miss Patience was much given to going out to tea-drinkings. Her cottage bonnet, her limp shawl, her rusty bombazine, were well known from one end of the village to the other. I'm afraid I must confess that Miss Patience was the village gossip, and that, when she unrolled her knitting and settled herself for an afternoon's chat, you were pretty sure to hear all the neighborhood scandal retailed, with such additions and embellishments as the retailer herself thought good to supply. She loved to talk, and was never without a good theme upon which to discourse. Of course the new minister was an unfailing topic.

He was young, handsome, unmarried; a fair mark for marriageable young ladies and managing matrons.

Meanwhile, the annual donation was drawing near, and everybody was determined that it should outdo any former occasion of the kind. Mrs. Greyson, who found herself put upon the committee which was to see that the tables were supplied, turned the matter over to Charlie, and placidly went on with her cutting and basting.

Charlie, when in the midst of her culinary triumphs, was not unfeignedly glad to perceive Miss Patience's gaunt form advancing towards the kitchen door; and once admitted, the talkative woman refused to adjourn to the parlor, expressing a preference for the savory atmosphere of the kitchen, and began her gossip with the first stitches of her knitting.

"Baking for the donation, are you, Charlotte? I thought as how you might be doin' somethin' of the kind, and I said to Miss Rodgers, says I, I'll just step over to the deacon's and see what they're getting up, and then we'll know better what we ought to prepare. Now, I thought of

doughnuts, for one thing, and I see you're frying some that look mighty nice. Mr. Edwards is very fond of them, and—by the way, have you heard the news?"

Charlie confessed her entire ignorance of any news item, and, fork in hand, bent diligently over her nicely browning doughnuts.

"Now, do tell! Well, it only came out last night, so I don't wonder. I said to Miss Rodgers, says I, I wonder if they've heard of it over at the deacon's? We knew that the minister had been calling here pretty often, and sometimes we've thought that maybe he was after you, Charlotte, and we all knew what a nice minister's wife you'd make; but it seems he was engaged before ever he came here; at least that's what Miss Rodgers thinks, for Seraphina she saw a letter, quite accidentally like, that the minister was writing, and it began, 'My darling Fannie,' and told about his hope of soon being able to provide a home for her, and was very loving, and all that; and Miss Rodgers she thinks he's going to be married soon, and says she has suspected it a long time, 'cause he's never taken to any of the village girls, except it was to you—my gracious! what ails you, Charlotte? Did you burn your hand?"

"A little," said Charlie. "The fat snapped. Miss Patience, if I were in your place, I'd advise Seraphina Rodgers not to go prying about people's writing-desks. Mr. Edwards might not care to have his private correspondence overlooked; and Mrs. Rodgers might lose her boarder through her daughter's inquisitiveness."

Miss Patience protested that Seraphina was altogether innocent, and that the knowledge she had gained had come to her quite incidentally.

And Charlie went back to her doughnuts, rolled them in sugar, and turned them out a snow-white heap of toothsome delicacies, warranted to melt in one's mouth; but all the while she was wondering if Miss Patience's intelligence could be true.

Mr. Edwards had called at the deacon's oftener, perhaps, than Miss Patience fancied, and he had been very entertaining and kind, had brought Charlie books, had come to talk over their contents, and, altogether, the girl had enjoyed the past summer as she never had enjoyed a season before. No amount of daily toil and drudgery had seemed hard to her, so long as she had his coming to look forward to. She

had lived in the present without a thought of the future. The intercourse had been so pleasant that it had sufficed her, and she had given no thought to what was coming afterward. Her heart had slumbered, though her intellect had been keenly alive. Now, however, Miss Patience's rude touch aroused her. The young heart, awakened from its sleep, became aware of a new sensation. Charlie learned that Mr. Edwards was more to her than any other man had ever been.

Still Miss Patience gossipped on, while Charlie compounded delicate cake, long practice having made her so familiar with the process that she was competent to support her share of the conversation and do a vast amount of thinking, all at the same time.

That night, in the solitude of her own little white-curtained chamber, she took herself to task and rated herself soundly for her folly.

She, Charlie Greyson, an ignorant little village girl, to have fallen in love with Mr. Edwards! It was preposterous! Of course he would marry some one more beautiful, better educated, more fitted in every way to sympathize in all his high aims and aspirations; and such a woman he had doubtless chosen long since. She lay awake a long time wondering what the future Mrs. Edwards would be like, but finally fell asleep and dreamed that Miss Patience had eaten up all her doughnuts, and that the black cat had made a meal off the boned turkey.

The following was the day appointed for the donation. The good fathers and mothers were expected to assemble in the afternoon, partake of a bountiful repast, deposit their gifts, and leave to make room for the young people, who were coming in the evening.

Each village belle was attired in her best, the donation being an occasion much looked forward to. Charlie, in a wine-colored merino, with plain linen collar and cuffs, a scarlet flower in her hair and another at her throat, her pale cheeks slightly flushed with excitement, was as pretty a picture as one's eyes would care to rest upon. So, at least, Mr. Edwards seemed to think, for he followed her about, and turned up in unexpected places, encountered her suddenly on the stairs, waylaid her in the halls, and made her fairly ner-

vous with apprehension of meeting him at every turn.

Miss Patience was actually ubiquitous. She was in the ladies' dressing-room one minute, gliding down to the kitchen the next, superintending the laying of the table, and back in the parlor an instant after. Mrs. Rodgers and Seraphina, deposed, for the nonce, to the position of guests in their own house, were assiduous in their attentions, and nothing could exceed the sociability that reigned through the fast-filling rooms.

The story of the pastor's engagement was getting whispered about, and how it happened—whether some good deacon, anxious to congratulate his pastor, first revealed to him the state of public opinion, or whether some incautious whisperer unfolded the story, no one ever knew; but as Charlie was crossing the hall with a tray of coffee cups in one hand and a plate of cake in the other, a pale face confronted her, and Mr. Edwards's gentle voice demanded to be told why she persisted in shunning him, ran away from him, seemed to wish to have nothing to say to him.

Charlie scorned the imputation, declared herself very busy—a committee woman, in fact—couldn't think of stopping to talk then; would Mr. Edwards be so kind as to open the door for her?

No, Mr. Edwards would do nothing of the kind. He had something to say to her, and she must listen then and there. And her hands were relieved of their burden, grasped and held tightly, while she was forced to listen to a very earnest and passionate tale of love.

Breathless from surprise, she could say nothing. Urged to give her lover an answer of some sort, she faltered out that "she had heard—that is—she had been told—that—"

"That I was about to marry a lady named Fannie! That I wrote her love-letters! That I expected soon to have a home to which to bring her! Is that what you heard?"

Charlie confessed that she had heard something to that effect.

"Charlie," said Mr. Edwards, "I never loved any one until I saw you. From the day I met you in the kitchen of your fa-

ther's house, and clasped this dear little hand, ever since that first moment, I have loved you, and have meant to win you if I could. I determined to win your love if it was within the range of human possibility to do so. As for the gossip concerning a correspondent named Fannie, she is my own sister. I have told her about you, and she is wild to see you. We are orphans, and I have always hoped one day to have a home to which I can invite my sister. I think I see my way clear to such a home now, but it is you, Charlie, who are to be its mistress. O my love! tell me that I am not to be disappointed. Charlie! do you—can you love me?"

The answer, though not audible, must have satisfied the eager pleader, for he clasped the lithe form to his breast, and pressed the first warm kiss of love upon her sweet red lips.

"My love! my precious one! my darling!" he murmured. "You will be mine—my wife, will you not, Charlie?"

She was very shy, and strove to hide her blushes, but her lover seemed rather to enjoy her confusion, and forced the soft brown eyes to look up, and there were more kisses and sweet words of endearment, and finally Mr. Edwards drew from his pocket a ring, massive and rich, and fitted it to her finger, at the same time exhibiting a well-worn circlet upon the little finger of his own left hand.

"Why," cried Charlie, "that looks like my ring, the one I lost that time you—"

"It's the identical ring you lost in making a batch of biscuits the first day I ever saw you. It has been in my possession ever since. You must allow me to retain it."

How the tray of coffee cups and the plate of cake fared, Charlie never knew.

The rest of the donation party was all a whirl to her, and she felt as if every eye must, of necessity, detect the glittering circlet upon her forefinger, and seeing that, must know by intuition what had happened since she came into the house. However, it was not long before the whole neighborhood gained an inkling of the affair, and of course there were hearty congratulations. And so my story ends with a wedding, and that is orthodox, gracious knows!

CURIOSITIES OF SUPERSTITION.

BY REV. DR. H. STANDISH.

LOUIS NAPOLEON in his will emphasizes the solemn declaration, "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch." This piece of fetichism would appear to have formed yet another link between the imperial exile that has passed from our midst and those Latin races whose cause he affected to represent, whose superstition he certainly shared. Indeed, the ancient Romans degraded a priest because his mitre fell, and unmade a dictator because a rat squeaked. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, because, on the opposite bank, he saw a man with a fine figure. His nephew felt confident of winning the battle of Actium, because he met a peasant of the name of Nicolaus mounted on an ass. Wolsey was warned of his doom by a crosier-head; Sejanus, by a flock of crows. Dr. Johnson objected to going under a ladder. Montaigne avoided giving his left foot priority in putting on his stockings. Alexander was believed to have untied the Gordian knot with a slice

of his sword. For good luck's sake, Augustus wore some portion of a sea-calf; Charlemagne, some trinket of unknown value. Mohammed was all Fate; Bonaparte, all Star and Destiny. Cromwell believed in September 3, and Louis Napoleon in December 2. Sulla called himself Felix, the favored Child of Fortune, and Timoleon turned his house into a Temple of Chance. Alexander, if we may credit the account given by Quintus Curtius, was terrified by blood flowing from inside his soldier's bread during the siege of Tyre in 332 B.C. His seer, Aristander, foresaw, in this crimson efflux of the vital stream out of the commissariat a happy issue for the Macedonians; and the warriors thus nerved, took Tyre. From the year 1004, the alarming spectacle of the bleeding Host, and bread, as well as the bewitched bloody milk, several times in each century gave simple folk a scare; thus, it was noticed in 1284, under Urban IV., at Bolsena, not far from Civita Vecchia; and Raphael has

taken this for the subject of his picture called the *Miraculo de Bolsena*, which is, at all events, a miracle of the pencil. In 1383, when Heinrich von Bulow destroyed the village and church of Wilsnach, drops of blood were found eight days afterwards on the Host placed on the altar.

But the victims of superstition have the bump of causality remarkably developed; and in 1510, thirty-eight Jews were burnt to ashes because they had tortured the consecrated Host until it bled. Again, the sight was seen on the Moselle in 1824; and in 1848 the famous Ehrenberg analyzed the terrible portent. After stooping with his microscope over the red stains on bread, cheese and potatoes, this savant declared that they are caused by small monads or vibrios, which have a red color, and are so minute that from 46,656,000,000 to 884,736,000,000,000 distinct beings adorn the space of one cubic inch. Unfortunately, when, in 1510, thirty-eight Israelites, as we have seen, were burnt to ashes, no scientific Ehrenberg existed to point out to their superstitious butchers that what they called a proof of the consecrated Host being tortured until it bled, was merely due to aggregation of hungry red insects.

No doubt there was a deal of imposture in alchemy; no doubt, too, the wish for gold was father to the thought of alchemy; but this in itself will not account for Henry IV. prohibiting alchemy, for God-fearing Henry VI. eagerly encouraging it; for Pope John XXII. being an alchemist; for Louis XIII. of France making a Franciscan monk his grand-almoner, as the reward of a hundred years' reign promised to his credulity by that pretender to the discovery of the grand elixir; or for Jean de Lisle expiating by an early death in the Bastille his bold attempts to persuade Louis XIV. and his ministers that he possessed the gold-making stone. Among the wide circle of influential believers that alchemy thus entranced were Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas; and even the transcendent intellects of Leibnitz, Spinoza and Verulam. However, in the pursuit of this phantom, Roger Bacon casually stumbled on the composition of gunpowder; Geber, on the properties of acids; Van Helmont, on the nature of gas; and Dr. Glauber of Amsterdam, on the uses of the salt which bears his name. Thus was the alchemist the

victim of fetishism, the slave of superstition, the worshipper of science, the conqueror of power. How much of alchemy was an imposture, how much of it was an enthusiasm, it is impossible to say.

The secular practice of the science may be gleaned from M. Geoffroy's demonstration before the Royal Academy of Sciences in 1722, that alchemy was a matter of false-bottomed crucibles, hollow wands filled with gold, perforated lead and soldered nails. The religious theory of the science may be gathered from Faber's *Propugnaculum Alchymia*, published in 1644, wherein occurs the statement: "The stone of the philosopher is, by all the authors who have treated of it, esteemed to be the greatest gift of God on earth. As, therefore, it is so mighty a gift of God, the most necessary thing, in order that man should attain to a knowledge of its excellence and worth, is wisdom, which is bestowed by God on very few." Macaulay praises Verulam for his "fruit," his aim at substantial results. The meteoric iron which fell at Agram, in Croatia, was capable of being forged into nails—a meteor which ought to be known as Bentham's meteor. Judged, however, by results, as Lowe would say, Roger Bacon's gunpowder-producing alchemy has not been an unalloyed blessing to mankind.

Luther and Verulam believed in witches. In his folio Dictionary, Johnson defines a witch, "A woman given to unlawful arts." Knighton tells us of persons taxed with keeping devils in the shape of cats. And wise and learned Roman Catholics believe even greater wonders still. For example, Spain, among many images of the Virgin, possesses one at Saragossa which used to restore lost legs; Austria boasts an image of the Virgin at Marbach which secures good harvests; Styria is proud of the black lime-tree image of Mariazell, because it cures the gout; S. Maria in Campitelli, Rome, contains an image of the Virgin which stayed a pestilence there in 1569; S. Maria della Vittoria is protected by an image of the Virgin which defeats Turks; St. Giovanni a Carbonari, Naples, is blessed with an image of the Virgin which is a sure refuge against earthquakes and eruptions; Bogen, in Bavaria, and Notre Dame de Hanswyk, in Belgium, are each enriched with a curious hollow image of the Virgin which insists on swimming up the river.

The Virgin has not, however, limited such miraculous favors to images. The early Christians consecrated an herbarium to the Virgin Mary, white flowers in particular, such as the white rose, the white clematis, the white hyacinth, the stately white lily, the lily of the valley, half covered up by its green hood, and the snow-drop, peeping with cup whiter than shield of crescent moon, and looking fair even on the bosom of the snow. Our Lady's Thistle, with the milky streaks on its leaves, which were believed to be medicinal in dropsy, jaundice and the plague; Our Lady's mantle, with its circular broad leaf, scalloped and plaited in regular folds, a decoction of which was a rural cosmetic, a clearer of the complexion; Our Lady's Smock, the lovely little pale lilac flower that blows at the time of the Annunciation; the Lady's Slipper, with its four purplish petals in the form of a cross, and the yellow nectary in the centre, shaped like a shoe, dedicated by the French, Germans and Italians to the foot of the Virgin—are all embalmed in the hearts and enshrined in the imaginations of the faithful. Therefore it is that we are shocked at Our Lady's Glove being also known as the foxglove, and shudder at the young shoots of the Lady's Seal being boiled as asparagus, a use to which it would be impossible to put the seal of Napoleon. Our Lady's Bed Straws, however, cannot be served up at table, although its thick tufts of tiny yellow flowers smell like honey.

Those who do not care for flowers may prefer to be reminded that Genes contains a relic of the animal on which Christ rode—the tail of the ass. Peter's toenails at one time would have filled a sack. The hinder part of the head of St. John the Baptist is at Constantinople; the forepart to under the chin is in the church of Sylvester at Rome; the jaws are at Genoa; and one of the teeth is at Vienna; the finger with which he pointed to Christ as the Lamb of God is to be seen in no fewer than four places; and the cup out of which John the Evangelist drank poison, in two. There are two bodies of St. Andrew in existence, and of one of these the head is at Rome, a shoulder in St. Grisogone, a side at St. Eustace, an arm at the Holy Ghost's Church, and so on. In the tomb of St. John the Evangelist there is nothing but angels' meat. It only took one man, name-

ly, Joseph of Arimathea, to receive the blood of Christ; but the dish in which he did so it takes four places—namely, Genoa, Rome, Genes and Earles—to hold. To this day it is possible to see the cave near Subiaco where St. Benedict retired at the age of fourteen. The holy young penitent rolled about in thorns. But St. Francis visited the spot in 1223, and all the thorns changed into roses. S. Teresa, the foundress of the barefooted Carmelites, and the commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies in the Peninsular War, started off at seven, in company with her brother, in search of martyrdom among the Moors. The ambitious pair met their uncle, and he brought them back at a pace which surprised the tender-yearred candidates for canonization. S. Teresa was buried at Avila, where she died in 1532. What menials were present in the house of mourning, we are not informed, but it is beautiful to think of "ten thousand martyrs assisting at her bedside, and the Saviour coming down in person to convey his bride to heaven."

The founder of the order of hermits was St. Paul of Thebes. The Emperor Decius persecuted him; hence he retired into a desert. A spring supplied him with drink, a palm-tree furnished him with food; and when the palm-tree died, a raven brought to him each day half a loaf of bread with the regularity of a baker, and yet never left its bill. On one occasion, St. Antony, the founder of Monachism, called on St. Paul of Thebes; then the raven brought a double commons. When St. Paul of Thebes died at the age of a hundred and thirteen, two lions dug his grave, in harmony at once with the dynamical amiability of Bottom, who could roar like any sucking-dove, and with the professional skill of the grave-diggers that conversed with Hamlet.

In the light of recent events it is more interesting to chronicle the fact, that "at Montmartre," according to Philibert Delamarre, there is an image of our Saviour appearing to Magdalen, beneath it an inscription containing the word "Rabboni." Good wives took the image to represent the saintly reformer of bad husbands. They touched the statue with their husbands' shirts, whereon they would either become good, or burst in the course of the year. Unfortunately, the bad roughs of the Montmartre of 1871 do not appear as a

matter of necessity to have worn shirts, while their spouses in many cases proved as madly warlike as themselves, if not as outrageously profane. Indeed, the anti-religious Assi, in his exile, presents the precise antipodes to the saintly St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar. The most remarkable feature in the career of the latter was, after all, not so much that he typified the ascetic, as that he defied the arithmetician. In this combination of characteristics he had few rivals. St. Simeon Stylites for seven-and-thirty years lived on the top of his pillar. During the first four years, it was six cubits high; for the ten years ensuing, it was twenty-two; and for the last twenty, it was forty cubits high. The tomb of Abel, on the way to Baalbec, is, according to Maundrell, thirty yards long. The

tomb of Eve at Jiddah is, according to Burton, two hundred paces long. The tomb of Seth, on the slopes of Antilibanus, is sixty feet in length. Indeed, it would have been twenty feet longer, but the Prophet Seth, who came here preaching to the people, who worshipped cows, was killed by them, and was hastily buried with his knees doubled under his legs. Noah's tomb, on the opposite side of the valley, was one hundred and twenty feet long. The tomb of Joshua was disgracefully short; indeed, it only covered thirty feet. Thus there were giants in those days, just as there are Positivists in ours who consider the seal which Louis Napoleon has left as a talisman to his imperial son about as valuable an heirloom as the throne of Republican France.

DAISY ORACLES.

BY CORA CHESTER.

THE woods were luxuriant in their summer growth, and the sun was disappearing behind the mountain tops, in all the splendor and glory peculiar to an August evening, as the hero of my story, Kenneth MacGregor, strolled leisurely along the woodland paths leading to his home.

As he neared MacGregor Place he stood still and watched, with a pleased smile the movements of two very pretty girls seated upon the steps of the veranda.

One of them was plucking to pieces some little field daisies growing near, her fingers rivalling in whiteness the snowy petals as they fell upon her dress, "*Il m'aime; un peu; beaucoup; passionnement; pas du tout,*" dropped from her rosy lips as she essayed to force from the flowers the secrets of futurity.

"Ah, see, my dear!" turning to her companion with a merry laugh of triumph; "he loves me passionately, and you not at all. I am victorious, and give you my sympathy."

Rose Falconbridge either did not, or pretended not, to see Kenneth, for she appeared unconscious of his presence, although he had drawn quite near to the two,

and had thrown down his gun and game-bag.

"What are the wild flowers saying?" with a quizzical teasing glance at Rose. "Does she love me?"

She started at sound of his voice with a charming show of surprise, uttered an infantine shriek upon beholding his fowling-piece, and hid her face in her white hands to shut out the dreadful sight. Kenneth laughed merrily at her fears.

"My love is like the red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June,"

he sang, gayly. "You are not afraid, but ashamed, mademoiselle, and I catch sight of those blushes you are trying to hide. If daisies tell the truth, you were sure beforehand what would be their decision as to the state of your lover's affections. What was the verdict, Rose?—did he love you *beaucoup*?"

She turned from him with a pretty gesture of impatience and anger. He saw the frown, and offered to shake hands in token of friendship, but she refused, calling him "a cruel truant who hadn't been near them all day, and who didn't deserve a welcome home."

It was in vain he tried to soothe the pouting beauty; she persisted in being angry, and after another effort at conciliation, he entered the house, merely glancing at the quiet little figure seated at Rose's feet.

"O Marguerite! you here? Use your influence with Miss Falconbridge and obtain a pardon before my return, or I shall be heart-broken!"

But Marguerite's services were not required, it seemed, for Rose stooped very prettily and kissed her "little Daisy"—she was fond of calling her companion pet names when MacGregor was in hearing distance—and proceeded to follow Kenneth into the parlor.

Marguerite drew a sigh of relief as the last sweep of Miss Falconbridge's dress was heard, and leaned her head upon her hand with a weary sigh. Tears filled her eyes as she gazed over the distant hills and watched the sunset clouds change their rosy coloring for more sombre hues, symbolical, she was thinking, of her own life, putting off the radiant tints of childhood, and growing dark while she learned that saddest of all lessons, the anguish of a love unreturned and uncared for.

She was very pretty as she sat there in the twilight, but it was a prettiness quite lost sight of beside the glowing, fascinating beauty of Rose Falconbridge. The loose golden hair, falling around her head with no pretence at style, and the white muslin dress looked insignificant, and even poor, when compared with the massive braids and rich silks of her rival. Her toilet failed to attract notice from its very simplicity, while Miss Falconbridge, resplendent in rare jewels and dark rich colors, became the "observed of observers" wherever she chanced to appear, and attracted by her proud insolent beauty hosts of admirers and followers.

Then again, Marguerite had been an invalid half her life, and it was difficult to bring a deep color to her pearly cheek, while Rose was the very personification of perfect blooming health.

Marguerite was an orphan, or rather, she supposed herself one, as she had never possessed either father or mother that she could remember. Nor could she gain any information regarding her parentage from Mrs. MacGregor, who loved her with her whole motherly heart, and had shielded

her from every grief with truly maternal care.

She did not tell her adopted daughter that she had been rescued, a poor lame little infant, from a foundling hospital, for she knew how the possible shame of her birth might crush Marguerite's sensitive spirit. She answered all inquiries by saying:

"O, Kenneth was a little boy then, and we were staying in Paris for a short time; that was before we left dear old Scotland for America, you know, my dear. Well, Kenneth took such a fancy to you, that, after you were hurt, I, knowing that you were without a mother's care, adopted you in place of my own little daughter. Believe me, darling, had she lived, she never could have been dearer to me than you have been, or a more loving little sister to my dear boy."

So Marguerite was wisely kept in ignorance as to the rest of her story; had spent a happy childhood romping with Kenneth in the old MacGregor woods, and in later years had walked more soberly by the side of the young collegian, fresh from his Alma Mater, and charmed with the undisguised admiration of his quondam playmate.

Then came another separation, and Kenneth returned to his old home, a man, so changed that Marguerite would often wonder if this haughty, cynical gentleman could possibly be the kind brother of other days.

As for MacGregor, he would have found it difficult to exactly define his feelings towards her. Before the rising of Miss Falconbridge's star in his heart, he had certainly thought Marguerite all he had desired in loveliness; but now he argued that he was only fond of her as a little pet sister, which was perfectly natural, as they had always been brought up together.

If thoughts of a deeper love entered his heart, as he walked by her side and watched the crimson glow spread over the white sad little face at some careless word of praise or affection, his old pride arose to stifle such feelings, and he would say to himself again and again:

"She does not love you, Kenneth MacGregor; it is only your fancy or conceit. You must marry a woman of fashion and high birth, and Daisy, after all, is little more than a child."

So his better angel would be silenced,

and he would treat Marguerite with strange fits of coldness, reproaching himself as he saw the tears fill her eyes at some unkind word, but justifying his conduct by declaring that he would not awaken a love he never could return, willfully shutting his eyes to the fact that that love was already his.

Then again days would come in which she would be to him the same little Daisy as of old. He would allow her to hold his pencils for him as he sketched some spot noted for its romantic beauty, or would vary the monotony by taking her face as a model to a picture he intended painting some day.

Ah, how often in future years was he to gaze at that blurred, faint little sketch, the only memory left him of one thought so lightly of then, prized so dearly afterwards, and vainly strive with his pencil to banish that sadness from the mouth, and the far-away unnatural look from the eyes, a look which haunted him even in his dreams!

Those were happy peaceful days, remembered by both in after years with strange tenderness. But their quiet was broken into by the arrival of Mrs. Falconbridge, one of Mrs. MacGregor's city friends, accompanied by her daughter Rose, beautiful and haughty enough to suit even the fastidious MacGregor.

Then all was changed, and the long summer days passed away fraught with bitterness to poor Marguerite, who bravely hid the pain in her own heart.

Autumn found Kenneth MacGregor the accepted lover of Miss Falconbridge, or, as he himself more poetically expressed it, "he had at last found his 'Queen Rose in in the rosebud garden of girls,'" and Mrs. Falconbridge returned with Rose to their city home, the object of their visit accomplished.

We must pass rather hastily over the events which succeeded. Kenneth soon followed Rose to New York, and then came one of those dreadful financial crashes, ruining hundreds, and bringing down with it the fortunes of the MacGregors.

It was a heavy blow to their pride, but none were allowed to know how much they suffered.

A few days after Kenneth stopped in one of the fashionable stores to make a few purchases before returning the next day to

MacGregor Place. He had assigned that evening to what was to his proud spirit the mortifying task of calling upon Miss Falconbridge and offering to release her from her engagement, in consideration of his changed fortunes.

He was thinking of all these things while waiting for his change, when he heard a clear sweet voice he only too plainly recognized, saying:

"Heard of his ruin, did you ask? Of course, my dear; but you don't think me foolish enough to encourage his attentions any longer, do you? He will have to share the fate of my other satellites, *voila tout*." Then turning to the clerk, "You may do up these laces, and show us that lovely mauve silk I was looking at yesterday."

She failed to perceive Kenneth, whose back was towards her, and laughingly continued:

"Proud, did you say? Yes, it will be the old story of pride and poverty, I suppose; but you needn't fear for me, for I for one will never ally myself to any of

"That bootless race of highborn beggars, MacLeans, MacKenzies or MacGregors."

Kenneth had heard quite enough; he hurried from the store, and upon reaching his hotel wrote Rose Falconbridge a cold sarcastic note which cost that young lady many tears.

Remembering how red eyes would look at the party that night, and wishing to charm an old nobleman who was to be present, she ceased her weeping, and looking at her pretty face in the mirror, declared "she didn't care for MacGregor, and never had."

Ah, Rose! way down in the depths of that foolish heart live memories of Kenneth MacGregor, memories that the coming years will not weaken, when all the joy that wealth and rank can give will seem worthless compared to the love you have lost!

While Miss Falconbridge was engaged that evening in securing another partner for life in place of the one she had lost, she would not have been flattered could she have read her late lover's heart.

He had "made unto himself an idol, and found it clay." The glamour had fallen from his eyes, and he saw Rose Falconbridge as she truly was, a foolish, vain girl, no better and no worse than a fashionable

match-making mother had made her. But Kenneth soon banished Rose from his mind, and thought of his proud sensitive mother left in comparative poverty. Then Marguerite rose before him.

"She would never have forsaken me," he mused, "but now she will take into her proud little head to teach school, or do some other ridiculous independent thing. I'll soon put a stop to that!"

Some vague idea entered his mind of telling Marguerite of his rejection, and then, when the gentle tears of pity filled her eyes, he would reward the poor child's long devotion and heart-longings with his love.

These pleasant thoughts shortened the long journey home, and it was with quite a cheerful step that he walked along the frosty path leading to MacGregor Place. His mother welcomed him at the door. After the first greetings and explanations were over, he questioned with subdued eagerness:

"But where is little sister? Marguerite cannot know of my arrival."

"Ah, Kenneth!" with a mysterious smile, "that is such a long story that you must come into the library, and I'll tell you all about it. You must be good, and promise not to interrupt."

"There," he thought, as he followed her into the next room, "she has commenced the school-teaching, I'll be bound!"

"She is not here at present," his mother went on, "but perfectly well and happy, I trust. So, having eased your mind concerning her, I will amuse you by an account of all that has happened during your absence. I was busy one morning tending to Jeannette's sewing, when John handed me a card bearing the name of the 'Count de Rouille.' Of course I was flurried, never having heard the name before; but I dressed, hastened to the drawing-room, and there stood a distinguished-looking elderly gentleman, who greeted me with a slight foreign accent. He begged me to be seated while he explained the object of what must seem to me an intrusive visit.

"Eighteen years before, he said, he was residing in Paris with his wife and infant daughter. He was obliged, from the position he occupied, to appear much in society, but his young wife could hardly be prevailed upon to accompany him; and when she did, always left the child in the arms

of its *bonne*, with many injunctions concerning its safety. One night there was to be a grand fete at the Tuileries, and the streets were so crowded that they could scarcely pass to their carriage. After spending an exciting evening, they returned at midnight to find the house in confusion, the *bonne* and child gone, and the servants wild with fright. Every effort was made to find them, but in vain. The countess, never in the full enjoyment of health, sank beneath this blow, and, as month after month passed away and no tidings came of her child, she failed rapidly, and died about a year after its loss. After his wife's death the count travelled for many years, finally returned to Paris, and took his old apartments in the Rue de Chailot. He was stepping from his carriage one evening, when a ragged boy stopped him and begged the count to follow him to the next street, as a dying woman had a confession of great importance to make. He went with the boy, and, as he had supposed, it was the *bonne*. She told him that on that fatal night she had taken his child in her arms, and gone into the street to see the fireworks, meaning to return immediately, and say nothing about it; but a false alarm of fire was given, a violent rush was made, the child was thrown from her arms and trampled under the feet of the crowd. She made a wild effort to save it; rushed through the mass of people and caught it in her arms, only to find it crippled, and probably deformed for life. The thought of its parents' anguish and the terrible fear of punishment caused her to leave it at one of the founding hospitals, and hasten herself to her old home in the southern part of France. She could not die, she said, without the count's forgiveness. He gave it to her in broken tones, hurried to the hospital, found my name upon the register book (don't interrupt, Kenneth), went to Scotland, and then came to America. He thanked me for all my kindness to his poor little girl.

"It had been better if she had died," he said, shading his eyes. "Her deformity has made her sensitive, I suppose?"

"Before I had time to explain, the door opened, and Marguerite stood upon the threshold. Never had I seen her more lovely; her cheeks pink with exercise, and her hands full of autumn leaves. She blushed upon seeing a stranger, but I

called her in, told him who she was, and, fearing to intrude, left them together.

"Well, Kenneth, Marguerite left for Europe a few days ago. She would not let me write you about it, fearing to disturb you in the midst of your happiness; but she left her love, and wished me to write her a long account of the wedding. Her name now is Countess Amoretta de Rouille. Quite grand, isn't it? but far too romantic for her, she says, and she will still be called Marguerite. Do you not rejoice at her good fortune, Kenneth?"

Looking at her son for the first time, she saw anything but pleasure in his eyes.

"You may wish her joy, if you please, mother, but, as for me, she is no longer a friend of mine. *The Countess de Rouille*," with a mocking emphasis on the title, "might possibly be a patroness of mine if I should tell her of my losses, and beg for her influence; but she can never be to us the little Daisy of old."

Then seeing tears in his mother's eyes:

"But forgive me, mother mine; send my congratulations, but please do not mention my affair with Miss Falconbridge. I do not care to appear before her just yet as a rejected lover."

In the days which followed, Kenneth went to work in grand earnest. Their losses were not so heavy as had at first been supposed, and MacGregor, devoting himself to the bar, rose steadily in his profession. He banished from his heart all the hopes he had once cherished there, and at the end of three years was a much nobler and better man than he had ever been in his prosperity.

Marguerite, after an absence of four years, was coming home. What caused such a strange joy to thrill MacGregor's heart when he heard of it? He hurried through business, and came down upon the guests at MacGregor Place quite unexpectedly one evening.

A tall slight woman, fashionably dressed and exquisitely lovely, met him at the door. Could this stately beautiful girl possibly be the Daisy of other days? He asked himself the question as she greeted him with a frank cordiality so unlike her old timidity.

No emotion was perceptible in her calm hazel eyes as she held out both hands to welcome him home.

After dinner the count and Mrs. MacGregor, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," became absorbed in a game of euchre, and were happily oblivious of the fact that their children were amusing themselves out upon the moonlighted veranda with a far more dangerous game, where hearts are always trumps.

Kenneth found it hard to believe that four years so full of change had passed over them since last they sat there together. He, no longer the idle haughty man, casting from him as worthless the devotion of a pure though childish heart; she, grown into a dignified, self-possessed woman, not seeking for his love, but rather, from the eminence of her rank and proud beauty, seeming unattainable to him.

MacGregor felt the change, and with it came a bitter regret, as, taking one of her long golden curls between his fingers, he murmured:

"Her tresses have the selfsame curl,
Through rosebud lips you see the pearl;
But O, she's not the little girl
I wooed the other day!"

"Marguerite, why are you pulling those daisies to pieces? Do not trust them; they are false little prophets, and I can tell you much better whether he loves you or not."

She turned, and was about to leave him, but he caught sight of her face, rosy with blushes, and a blessed hope dawned in his heart.

"Daisy, dear child, do not go! Where is your place, if not with me? I must tell you how I have loved you all these long weary years, and how dark my life has been without you. Forgive me, darling, all those old heart sorrows, and spare me if you can the trial of living an unloved lonely man."

The tears made her eyes luminous in the moonlight, and he read in their bright depths the happy truth that she still loved him. She did not turn away from his proffered kisses; old scores, she had meant to remember, were forgotten in this great overpowering love, and Daisy was indeed won.

DEACON RANKIN'S DAUGHTER.

Bigelow, Elizabeth

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'DEACON RANKIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

"It's dreadful curious that ministers' sons and deacons' daughters should always be greater trials than other folks' children. I wouldn't have believed when Sylvy was a child that she would have grown up to be such a thorn in your side, Sister Sarah. But you'll have to bear it, as the Lord's will, and trust that she'll be brought sometime to see the error of her ways."

Aunt Dorcas rocked vigorously, and made her knitting-needles click with a will, as she always did when she talked of Syl's shortcomings. Syl, who was in the kitchen making preparations for dinner, heard every word through the half-open door—as it was very likely Aunt Dorcas meant

that she should; and Syl sighed heavily, for Aunt Dorcas was a power in the family, and now that she had taken sides against her, Syl foresaw greater trials in the future than she had yet encountered.

Syl's trouble was that oldest and most common among maidens—the course of her true love would not be persuaded to run smooth. Its current was ruffled in the most common way, too, by her father's stern displeasure, and her mother's ceaseless fretting and coaxing.

Years before, when they were both little more than children, she and Will Everett had fallen in love with each other, and the love had grown and strengthened as they

grew to manhood and womanhood. But alas! Will was poor, being only a clerk in the one dry goods store that Plimptonville boasted. He had his mother and little sister to support, too, and, as Plimptonville people declared, had enough on his hands without thinking of marrying.

Deacon Rankin did not object to him because he was poor. O no! the deacon was not so worldly as that—according to his own statement. In other respects Will did not come up to his idea of what his son-in-law should be. He belonged to a secret society, and the deacon abominated secret societies. Silas Daggett, the proprietor of the dry goods store, agreed with him perfectly; he even had serious doubts as to the propriety of keeping a young man who belonged to a secret society in his store, and used to go to the deacon's house to ask his advice and talk the matter over two or three evenings in a week, when he first came to Plimptonville and opened the store.

Will smoked, too. Silas Daggett did not smoke. He shook his head sadly over that shortcoming of Will's, and told the deacon of a great deal of good advice and warning thrown away upon the headstrong young man.

Will dressed too well, also; he was ruining himself by extravagance. Mr. Silas Daggett was of opinion that fully half of his salary was spent in that way. Countless other accusations, of a like nature, were brought against poor Will, and from twice a week Silas Daggett's visits increased to every night, and finally it became evident that his visits were intended for Syl, and the delight of Deacon Rankin and his wife knew no bounds.

But Syl, ungrateful, unreasonable girl, frowned upon the suit of Mr. Daggett; she even went so far as to leave the room when he called, and she had been caught walking with Will Everett after her father had forbidden her speaking to the misguided young man.

Now matters were at their very worst; Silas Daggett had proposed, and her father declared that she should marry him. All her tears and entreaties had availed nothing, and at last she had got her spirit up, and stoutly declared that she would never marry him. Aunt Dorcas was sent for in haste; if anybody could conquer Syl's rebellious spirit, she could. But even Aunt

Dorcas failed; the utmost concession that could be obtained from Syl was a promise that she would never marry Will without her father's consent. She would not promise not to see or speak to Will, as they tried to make her.

Silas Daggett was established in the deacon's house as a boarder, that he might have all possible opportunity for prosecuting his suit, and Syl was tormented almost beyond endurance.

The clicking of Aunt Dorcas's needles went on, and Aunt Dorcas's sharp voice kept company with it, ringing over the changes upon Syl's ingratitude and hardness of heart. Syl began to think she should go wild listening to it.

Her patience gave out at last. She shut the pantry door forcibly—very forcibly; I might as well own that she slammed it, for Syl was not an angel by any means. She hardly dared to go out to put the biscuits she had made into the oven, for she felt so angry that she was not at all sure that she should not say something impertinent to Aunt Dorcas. But it had to be done, so she ran out and whisked them into the oven, hoping that they might be as heavy as her heart, since Aunt Dorcas was to eat them.

When she went back there was a face at the pantry window—Will's face—but looking so white and haggard that she hardly knew it.

"What is it, Will? What makes you look so? And O, how did you dare to come here? Father may come home to dinner at any minute?"

"Let him come! He needn't grudge me a minute with you; I shan't come again very soon, Syl," said the young man, in a bitter reckless tone.

That and his white face frightened Syl so that she trembled and could not speak. Will reached through the window and caught her hands, and almost crushed them in his clasp.

"Will you stand by me, Syl, when all the world scorns and jeers at me for a thief? or will you decide that your father's worldly wisdom is best, after all, and marry that honest, godly man, Silas Daggett?"

The fierce scorn in Will's voice told Syl that, whatever his new trouble might be, Silas Daggett was at the bottom of it.

"What has he done now? Do tell me, Will?"

"The store was robbed last night—you hadn't heard of that? The village is alive with it; the safe and the money drawer. Stevens paid Daggett five thousand dollars yesterday; he left it in the safe, intending, so he says, to put it in the bank this morning. Of course he managed to make suspicion fall upon me at once, and he has got a warrant now for my arrest."

Indignation got the better of Syl's fear at once.

"How dared he? how could he? What possible reason could he give for suspecting you?"

"O, a good many! He is keen enough, you know, and I believe that he has been planning this for a long time. A key was broken off in the lock of the money drawer, and the other half was found in the pocket of my coat, which I left in the store. Of course it is of no use for me to say that I left the coat in the store. Daggett says I didn't, and of course his word could not be doubted. Then I was out until after eleven o'clock last night, and I can't say where I was; that is against me, you know."

"Can't? Why not? Don't mind me; don't think of me! Tell just where you were, and I will tell, too. O Will, don't look so! don't feel so! How can he prove you guilty when you are innocent?"

"If he can't prove me guilty, neither can I prove myself innocent, and the disgrace will cling to me—will cling to you, too, Syl, until you cast me off. I think you had better do it, dear; I seem fated to bring nothing but trouble upon you."

Syl's brown eyes flashed, and then filled slowly with tears.

"Will, don't talk like that; do try to have more hope and courage. Silas Daggett is a bad man, I know; I was sure of it from the first; and he is sly and cunning, but we shall find a way out of this trouble, or, if not, we will bear it together."

Will was evidently not to be cheered, but Syl's courage made him ashamed of his weakness. Syl let him stay a few moments longer; she wanted to hear the details of the robbery, and she could not let him go until she had inspired him with a little hope and confidence, and then she hurried him away. She knew that it would not help his cause to have her father find him there.

When he was out of sight, Syl sat down on the window-seat and buried her face in

her hands. She had spent all her stock of hope and courage in trying to cheer Will. The future did look gloomy to her.

Silas Daggett was so powerful and so unscrupulous, and her father would be sure to be on his side, and leave no stone unturned to prove Will guilty; as he said, it would be very hard for him to prove himself innocent. Silas Daggett had woven a subtle snare. Syl knew him well enough to be sure of that. She did not believe that he had been robbed at all, but had formed the plot for the sole purpose of ruining Will, and so winning her—or, rather, her father's money, upon which his affections were firmly fixed. Some way must be found to outwit him, Syl said to herself, over and over again, as she sat there in the pantry window, but still no way suggested itself; and she had promised never to marry Will without her father's consent, and that would never be given now. Syl gave way to despair at that thought, and cried until her head ached, and the biscuits were burned to a cinder in the oven.

The deacon looked at her red eyes when he came home to dinner, and having, doubtless, a little pity for his daughter in his heart, forbore to enlarge upon the subject of the robbery, as Syl expected he would; but he spoke as if there was no doubt of Will's guilt, and Aunt Dorcas and Syl's mother groaned in unison, and said it was no more than they had expected, and Silas Daggett had—or Syl fancied that he had—a look of complacency under the distress and anxiety that he assumed.

Syl scrutinized him carefully at every opportunity, and was more firmly convinced each moment that he himself was the robber whom he expressed such anxiety to bring to justice; and once she said, quietly, yet with a searching glance at his face:

"I will do all that I can to bring him to justice, Mr. Daggett."

A dark red flush rose to Mr. Daggett's face, but he answered, with a smile, that he should be very glad of her aid.

But what could she do? She could think of nothing, though she racked her brains for hours, but to openly declare that Will had been with her the evening before, and to wait patiently and watch Silas Daggett.

She ran over in her mind the facts concerning the robbery, which she had gained from the conversation at the dinner-table.

The keys of the store door had been in Will's possession, and that told against him, as the thief seemed to have entered in that way; at least, according to Silas Daggett, though Deacon Rankin did remind him that somebody had discovered that a window in the back part of the store was unfastened. And then that half of the broken key found in Will's pocket! For herself, she had not the slightest doubt as to how it came there; but could the public ever be brought to believe that Silas Daggett had been guilty of so base an act?

The next few days were full of anxiety and suspense that tried her sorely. Will was examined and committed for trial. Syl began to feel that she must do something. She went down to the store one morning, with no definite purpose in her mind, but with the shadow of a hope that she might make some discovery. Silas Daggett, who had grown more tender and devoted with every day since Will's arrest, was radiant with delight at receiving a visit from her. Nothing daunted by Syl's coldness, he described to her, at great length, the means which the robber must have taken to secure the money.

"But I would like to see the window which father said was found to be unfastened," Syl said, interrupting him. And he led the way to it, but at the same time assuring her, rather nervously and with unnecessary vehemence, Syl thought, that it was impossible the thief could have entered in that way.

Syl looked out of the window, which was some distance above the ground, and her eye was instantly attracted by footprints in the soil below. It was November, and the weather had become suddenly cold, and footprints made in the yielding ground had frozen there securely. Somebody had climbed in at, and jumped out of that window! The tracks ran down beside the building, and ended at that window. Syl said nothing, but it seemed to her that Silas Daggett must hear the loud fierce beating of her heart.

She flew home on the wind, and rushed up stairs to Mr. Daggett's room, and found a pair of boots in his closet. Hardly waiting to put a piece of paper around them, she hurried back to the store. But she did not wish to be seen this time, so she went through a back street, and stole slyly to

that spot beneath the window; and Silas's boots fitted exactly into the tracks! Syl had expected it, but she was wild with delight, nevertheless.

If Aunt Dorcas could have seen the frantic hugging which she bestowed upon Silas's boots, she would have been more fully convinced that her prophecy would be fulfilled. But Syl's delight was a little dampened before she reached home, by the reflection that the discovery she had made might not be considered sufficient proof of Silas Daggett's guilt. She carried the boots back to his room with her heart divided between hope and fear. As she turned to leave the room her eye was caught by some bits of paper, which he had evidently used in shaving, lying on the bureau. They were pieces of a letter, and Syl looked them over half curiously, half carelessly, until she read something that made her heart beat faster. "Don't be afraid of a little job like that," she read, by putting two of the pieces together. "Do it yourself," was another. "In your coat, between the lining and the outside," on another.

What if that meant the money? What if he had hidden the money in that way? thought Syl. She ransacked his closet and searched all his coats in vain; and then she sat down and deliberated, with what result will be seen by her next action.

"I want you, and Mr. Daggett, and Sheriff Allen to go down to the store with me," she said to her father, at the dinner-table. "I have made a discovery that I think may be of some importance."

The deacon stared as if he thought she must have taken leave of her senses, and Silas Daggett grew a shade paler—or was it only Syl's fancy? But they granted her request, after a little laughter and jesting about her "discovery."

Syl led them quietly around to that spot under the back window where the tracks were. The sheriff opened his eyes wide at sight of the tracks, and said:

"It is strange that these were not seen before. Here is evidently where the fellow got in."

"Will you ask Mr. Daggett to step into them?" said Syl, quietly.

They all laughed a little uneasily. Anybody could see now that Silas was pale.

"Of course Mr. Daggett will not object to doing so, if it will give you any satisfaction," said Mr. Allen.

And Silas Daggett could do nothing but comply with the request; and it was evident to all that the tracks had been made by his feet.

"But what does that prove? "What do you mean, Sylvia?" said the deacon, angrily, but evidently perturbed in spirit.

"Nothing," said Syl; "only since Mr. Daggett is so obliging, he will probably show us what is between the lining and the outside of his coat!"

It was a great risk, being only a bold guess at the truth, and Syl trembled with fear until she saw Silas Daggett's face. That proved his guilt so conclusively that doubt was no longer possible. He made no resistance, and when the coat was opened, the bonds and bank notes which he had stolen from himself were discovered.

The letter by means of which Syl had made her discovery was found to have come from a friend of Silas, of whom he had asked counsel with regard to his plan of ruining Will, and thus securing Deacon Rankin's heiress. I wish that I had space to describe the scene, especially the discomfiture of the honest Silas, but I can

only relate a little "aside" between Syl and her father.

"This must be hushed up, Sylvia—hushed right up!" said the deacon, nervously. "Why, it would ruin me! I should be a laughing-stock! I—I've made so much of him; what a reproach upon the church!"

"Well, I will agree to say nothing about it—since, of course, you will see that Will is entirely cleared from suspicion—that is, on one condition; and if you don't agree to that, why I shall feel it my duty to tell the whole story," said saucy Syl.

"And the condition is?" said the deacon, anxiously.

"Why, that you give your consent to my marrying Will; and then you know that pretty cottage that you promised to give me if I would marry Silas Daggett, you must give that to Will and me; and pa!"—as the deacon was turning away—"nicely furnished, you know!—and, pa, wait a minute!—right away, you know!"

"I am glad I haven't but one daughter!" said the deacon to himself. "What they say of deacons' daughters is true every word of it!"

DEARBORN'S JUDGMENT.: I. II. III.

ALSTYNE, MALCOLM

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DEARBORN'S JUDGMENT.

BY MALCOLM ALSTYNE.

I.

DEARBORN was congratulating himself. Who that has experienced the trials of securing a boarding-house to suit, would not do so under like circumstances? Here he was, in the nicest, neatest room that had ever been his and his landlady—why, he had liked her at first sight! She was a middle-aged, quiet, lady-like little woman. Dear Mrs. Penrhyn! Dearborn was certain that only order and harmony prevailed

in the household of which she was the head. Her calm dignity would have stilled stormy waters; how peaceful, then, must be the sway that she had, no doubt, exercised for years! So Dearborn rejoiced. He had only been an hour in the room, but he felt contented. He had found one whom he could trust to minister to his comfort. When he should eat his hash, no such uncomfortable question as the following would trouble him: Of what is this com-

posed? He felt that he could trust Mrs. Penrhyn, and that is saying a great deal. When a man has no uneasiness as to what his hash is composed of, his faith in his landlady is very strong. And Dearborn had never eaten a meal in her house, either; still, he was positive. He would have staked his best beaver on the fact that the hash would be altogether clean.

"Jing-a-ling! jing-a-ling!" went a little bell. It was dinner-time. Dearborn had been ready for five minutes, at least, and rising, he started toward the dining-room. He entered a parlor, a homelike place, first. At first sight he didn't perceive any person. Yes, the apartment was empty. A half second later, however, Mrs. Penrhyn entered.

"I was looking for you, Mr. Dearborn," she said, simply. "I want to escort you to dinner."

Mr. Dearborn bowed and murmured his thanks.

"It's the first time, you know, that you have eaten with us. I want to make you feel at home; so I concluded I would show you the way myself to the dining-room."

Dearborn remembered his boyhood days, when his mother's hand had threaded his hair. She had died years before. Since then had he ever beheld any one who seemed so much like a mother to him as Mrs. Penrhyn? Dearborn thought not.

Mrs. Penrhyn led the way, and Dearborn followed.

"I am going to take you to the east parlor, and introduce you to the rest of my boarders."

Entering the parlor, Mrs. Penrhyn was as good as her word.

"Vic isn't here," Mrs. Penrhyn added, when she had finished. "If you see anybody that you do not know about the house, you may conclude that it's Vic, my daughter."

Dearborn had been introduced to some six or eight different persons, male and female. Dear reader, if it becomes necessary at any time during this little story, you shall be introduced to them.

Then they all went into the dining-room. Dearborn didn't at first see anybody but those whom he knew, and in a very short time he had forgotten Mrs. Penrhyn's last words. He was half through his dinner, or thereabouts, when he beheld a face, to the owner of which he was positive he had

not been introduced. Of course Mrs. Penrhyn's words rushed into his mind immediately. The pretty oval face, with its bright eyes, pink cheeks and cherry lips, belonged, no doubt, to her daughter Vic. Her glance accidentally met his, and he turned his gaze away. In a very few seconds he was looking at her again. She was pretty, anyway; she was, no doubt, a sparkling, mischievous little beauty. Dearborn wondered if he should like her. That question didn't puzzle him for but a few seconds, however. He mentally decided that he would no doubt like her very well; decided that very shortly.

Miss Vic talked. She said nothing very extraordinarily brilliant or witty. Yet she secured the attention of the table. There was something so vivacious and sparkling in her manner that she attracted all.

Dinner over, the boarders all returned to the parlors, Vic with them. Very shortly, however, she left. There had been something of an oversight in that Dearborn had not yet been introduced to her; so he had not yet spoken to her. Mrs. Penrhyn had scarcely intended her words to take the place of an introduction; still, she had not come back to the parlors with them, and I suppose the boarders did not understand the situation. Dearborn thought about the young lady after she was gone. I must state that this was a little singular. It is very probable that if either of the young ladies had left the apartment, she would have been out of his mind in less than five minutes; and I am not sure but that it would be more accurate to say five seconds.

After Dearborn had gone to his room, the girl returned to his memory frequently. Wherefore? I dare say that I could tell the reason better than Dearborn could have told it himself. But I shall not do so. I do not want you to guess, either. I don't think—there, you've thought too quickly for me! No; it wasn't love at first sight. I supposed you would guess just in that way, and I didn't desire, particularly, to deny it. Let it pass now.

Dearborn did not see Miss Vic any more that day; neither was she visible the next morning at breakfast. He found himself several times glancing over toward where she had sat at dinner the day before. She did not appear, and Dearborn left the breakfast-table feeling a little disappointed. But his disappointment was taken away

presently. Soon he was coming from his room; his head was bowed, and he was thinking; at the same time he was whistling a bar from an opera tune.

Suddenly, while his thoughts were far away, he ran against some person. That person had a bowl, or something of the kind, in her hand, which was knocked violently to the floor and broken.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Dearborn.

"Granted," said a musical voice. And Miss Vic Penrhyn stood smiling in his face. She was perfectly composed, and for some reason or other, her composure only made him feel the more embarrassed.

"It was altogether unintentional," he stammered out.

"You needn't be so sorry, Mr. Dearborn. The damage is not very ruinous to—" And she stopped and laughed.

Her laughing put Dearborn at his ease.

"Rather ruinous to the bowl, I should think," he said, laughing himself.

Then they stood for a moment in silence.

"You are Mr. Dearborn, our new boarder?" she said, shortly. "I am Vic Penrhyn. There, we can consider ourselves introduced, can't we?"

"And the introduction gives me a great deal of pleasure," murmured Dearborn. "I am sure that I have been wishing for it ever since I saw you at dinner yesterday."

Then they both gathered up the fragments of the broken bowl; and, laughing again, Miss Vic vanished down the hall.

After that their friendship advanced rapidly. That little incident placed them on better terms of acquaintance than a month of ordinary intercourse would have done. Time passed, and the two were very intimate friends.

Dearborn had never known anybody very much like Miss Vic. She was a perfect little home body; a little household queen, knowing all the mysteries of the work-basket, and even the kitchen; a laughing and mischievous girl; a creature who was as happy as she was innocent.

I must pause right here to state that Dearborn had placed an ideal woman in his mind. He had said to himself that if he ever came across any one like that ideal, he would love her, and, if he could, would marry her. I don't believe in ideals. Dearborn's ideal was one, no doubt, who would appear to better advantage in the niche in

which he had placed her than she would have done in real life. All that I have to say further about the ideal at present, is that she was to be very stately and intellectual. Miss Vic was a sweet, graceful little blossom, and not the queenly lily. So you perceive she wasn't at all like Dearborn's ideal. Then, if he would only love a woman of his ideal, Miss Vic had no chance of winning his love.

Please do not misunderstand me. No such strain of thought as this occupied Dearborn's mind. He was content to find a term, for his and Miss Vic's position, with regard to each other, in the word friendship. After that it didn't occur to him to ask himself if she could take the place of his ideal. Perhaps that time might come sometime, but it hadn't yet.

II.

MRS. PENRHYN had a new boarder. His name was Harry Ayers, and he was a clerk in a dry goods establishment up town.

Mr. Ayers wasn't very long in getting acquainted with Mrs. Penrhyn's boarders. How could he be when he met them all every day? Additionally, he was introduced to, and soon became apparently very well acquainted with Miss Vic, which you will no doubt say was eminently proper.

Moreover, Mr. Ayers was a somewhat handsome young man; rather better looking than the majority of his sex, a gentleman in manners; so that under the circumstances Miss Vic could only treat him kindly, of course.

But what was it that made Will Dearborn grow a little uneasy as this friendship progressed? Surely, a lady can have as many friends as she pleases without its bringing any pangs to any of them. Why was it, then, that if Mr. Ayers turned the music for Miss Vic when she played, or read the last novel to her, or anything of the kind, that Dearborn felt badly? I can only repeat, why was it?

One afternoon Dearborn had been in his room for an hour or two, busily engaged upon a magazine article. He grew weary, and asked himself if he should go to the parlor. He might find Miss Vic there. He had found her there frequently of afternoons before. Dearborn decided that he would go down in search of her, and ask her to play him some merry tune to enliven him.

He didn't find her. The parlors were empty. However, Mrs. Penrhyn passing the door, shortly, beheld him, and looked in.

"I came in search of Miss Penrhyn," said Dearborn, boldly. "I'm in a state of ennui, and I thought if she would sing 'I saw Esau kissing Kate,' it would make me feel better."

"I will tell her to come," replied Mrs. Penrhyn. "I saw her in her room a few moments ago, reading, and she will come with pleasure."

"Don't trouble yourself on my account, Mrs. Penrhyn," said Dearborn. "It isn't important at all. I will take a walk up town to enliven myself."

But Mrs. Penrhyn did not heed his words; she turned away, and went in search of Miss Vic.

In a very short time Dearborn heard Miss Vic's step approaching.

"Well, sir," she uttered, as she appeared at the door, "your pleasure?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Yes; music."

"Just so; music from *your* lips and hand."

The girl noticed the emphasis, and a faint flush rose to her forehead.

Dear reader, that was the first sign that Dearborn had ever given of there being anything in his heart besides friendship. It was a very slight one, I confess; but the manner of uttering a word may say a good deal. You needn't tell me, either, that an intelligent girl does not understand such things, for I know better. Of course they never think of admitting that they do.

Miss Penrhyn seated herself at the piano, and played and sang several songs that he named.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked, at length, ceasing playing and seating herself on a sofa.

"Yes, for the music," he answered, taking a place beside her.

And then the man was forced to ask himself what was coming over him. The girl's smile and voice were thrilling him strangely. He had experienced much pleasure in her company before, but this was—positive delight.

I think that something like a revelation came to him then; something that told him he was thinking more of Vic Penrhyn than the mere term of friendship could ex-

press. I have said that Dearborn had not experienced love at first sight. I do not know that there is any such thing. But I do believe that an impression may be made (at first sight) that, cultivated and favored by circumstances, will grow into love. So Dearborn had not fallen in love with Miss Penrhyn when he had first beheld her. But something had been planted in his heart that had taken root, and had been growing, perhaps unknown to himself, ever since, till now it stood forth a sweetly blossoming plant of full growth.

Most men in such a moment as this, realizing what Dearborn did, and sitting by the side of the object of the sentiment, would have forgotten all else, and would have said "I love you."

But Will Dearborn did no such thing. His was a very cautious disposition. Matters of momentous importance to him would have been viewed deliberately and calmly. Dearborn's love might be impulsive, but his judgment was cool, and no doubt said to him in this moment, when he was thrilling beneath the discovery he had made of the condition of his heart, "*Be cautious; make no mistake.*" He had put thrilling words of love on the tongues of his characters; had pictured it forth as the ruling power; had written of it as the great influence on man's destiny; and here he was sitting beneath the sweet realization of it, and calmly asking himself if it could be possible that it was so.

Please do not blame him. Remember the ideal that he had set up. Do not be too harsh on him that he did not wish to hurl it from its place in one instant; even though a sweet, tender, lovable, graceful flesh-and-blood reality was to take its place.

So Dearborn made no declaration of love. He did not even take her hand, for all the time that cool judgment of his was saying, "Are you certain?" and telling him that even if he did love her, there was no need of haste. I think that he even grew a little colder in manner than he had been.

Then he sat by her side and talked about indifferent subjects. I suppose when a man gets started in a strain that is to hide his feelings, he tries to sustain himself in a manner that is calmer than usual. Dearborn tried to do so, and he succeeded.

So their conversation ran on. At last he said, "Nilsson sings to-night."

"So I understand," replied Miss Vic.

"Would you like to hear her?"

"Yes," the girl replied, hesitatingly; "I shall take pleasure in hearing her."

"Then, with your permission, we will hear her together. Shall we?"

"I do not know positively that I understand you exactly, Mr. Dearborn," her honest eyes meeting his.

"I simply ask to be your escort to the opera," Dearborn answered.

"I am sorry it cannot be," she said, in some embarrassment.

"I do not comprehend you," he said.

"I have promised to go with Mr. Ayers."

Her eyes were cast on to the floor so that he could not see them.

"O!" he ejaculated, coldly; "I beg your pardon."

Then of course the subject was changed. I think that Dearborn was nearer a declaration during the course of the next five minutes than even he himself had any idea of. A blow half a dozen times as hard might have made that precious judgment of his hide its head, till love could show him where he stood.

I will tell you a little secret: Miss Vic shed a few tears over that affair. It was the first time he had ever asked for anything of the kind, and she had been compelled to refuse.

Foolish little Vic! That was just what Will Dearborn needed. I think that if he could only for a moment have been made to believe that her love was cut off from him utterly, in that instant his love would have cried out for victory, and would have reigned supreme in his heart.

III.

THE days passed on, and still between Dearborn's love and Dearborn's judgment there was war. His judgment cried out to him continually almost in a strain like this:

"Is this the kind of woman you have always said you would love and marry? Where is the glorious creature, the very queen that has been the ideal of all your dreams? Is she here?"

Then Dearborn's judgment would answer and say:

"She is not here. It is granted that Miss Penrhyn is a very sweet little creature; but, man, if you marry her, you will

be going contrary to what you have intended all your life."

I am afraid that Dearborn in those days smothered the cry of love to some extent; turned, in some degree, a deaf ear to its plea. Alas! if he should never realize that only in Vic Penrhyn could be found happiness. Alas! I repeat, for those who, for some false plea, cruelly sacrifice this truest, sweetest blessing—love!

Happy will it be for Dearborn if he can realize in time the utter falseness of the argument that his judgment is offering him. O that he may be brought to the knowledge that the tenderest blessing that can ever come into his life is the clasping of the girl's white arms about his neck, with the words, "I love you," uttered then! I believe that I may as well tell you now that Dearborn did realize that at last; and I will tell you how.

One day he had been up town on business, and strolling homeward, entered, and walked along the hall toward the east parlor. Of course he was hoping to find Vic there. His judgment didn't have quite influence enough over him to make him absent himself from her presence. My dear reader, if you have ever loved, you can understand just how Dearborn went to that parlor; just how he felt; just how he tried to make himself believe that he wasn't desiring that *she* should be there; just how coolly and calmly he would saunter in; just how he would struggle to put himself at ease in her presence, and very probably succeed.

But he wasn't destined to carry out this programme entirely this day. Reaching the door, he glanced in, and—well, Miss Vic was there.

But Dearborn stood there transfixed, as it were, at the sight that met his gaze. His heart sunk like lead, and it required all his self-control to keep back the cry of despair that rushed to his lips. There before him was Harry Ayers, as well as Vic Penrhyn; he held her hand in his, and on the first finger of it was slipping a jewelled ring. Neither saw Dearborn, and the girl's lips were wreathed in a smile.

No wonder that for an instant the room swam before his sight; that his hands clenched, and his teeth gnawed at his lips till the blood flowed from them.

Only for an instant did he stand there. He supposed that the next moment would

beheld the kiss of betrothal pressed on the lips of the woman whom he realized at last it would have been happiness for him to kiss. Even if he should desire to behold all, he felt as if he should die in seeing that. He walked noiselessly down the hall, sought his room, and entering it, locked the door, and threw himself on a sofa.

At last love had conquered. But O, it was in bitterness, and not in sweetness! No wonder that the man lay there and groaned in anguish of spirit! At last! Yes, at last he realized what a cowardly thing that cool precious judgment of his was. He had bound down himself from wooing, and here was his reward.

That ideal of his, that proud stately affair, that he had erected to himself, was torn from its pedestal, and crushed to pieces in the ashes of his despair, nevermore to be raised. It was natural that he should blame himself too severely. There have been far worse cases. Dearborn had only thus far wronged himself. Others, for such paltry reasons as his, have flung hearts broken away from them; have flung them away, I verily believe, to their own undoing and agony. Dearborn had only crushed his love to his own sorrow.

Yes, he blamed himself too severely. I think I can make this plain to you. All the pain and misery that had come to him from witnessing the scene that he had viewed, he laid right on his own shoulders. But suppose he had been ever so diligent in wooing, and this had happened; still, would it not have gone like a dagger to his heart? O, I know that he would not have had that charge of blind folly to prefer against himself, but tell me not that any man can, under any circumstances, see the being that he loves wrested from him and not feel the agony that crumbles, as it were, the very heart to ashes.

Poor Dearborn! Pity his anguish!

And, dear reader, I can desire you nothing better than that, which you know should be the sweetest influence of your life, may never bring you anguish such as Dearborn's. O that the sweetest of all words, the three, "I love you," may be returned for yours, sincerely said!

But Dearborn did not remain quiet very long. Presently the dinner-bell sounded, and then he got up, bathed his face, and looked in the glass to see how much of his pain was showing there.

The human countenance is a wonderful mask, and you need not be surprised when I tell you that very little of it was visible. And when Dearborn went down to dinner no one dreamed of what he had experienced. I dare say he laughed as gayly, seemed as merry, and talked as lightly as usual. Thus are hidden the secrets of our lives!

The ring was on her finger. O, the sight of it cut into Dearborn's heart like a knife! Then he uttered some witticism that made them all laugh, and—so the dinner passed.

The days went by. I don't think that Dearborn found any relief. At last he made a decision. You can guess what that decision was. It was that he would have to leave Mrs. Penrhyn's. He felt that it was more than he could bear to remain there, and be thrown daily in her presence. He must leave; that was the long and the short of it, or else sometime he would forget himself, and then—he would make a fool of himself. Yes, he must go; he couldn't bear to forever wear a mask over his face. The dull throbbings of his heart would sometime cry out in anguish.

Arriving at that decision, the first time he found Mrs. Penrhyn alone he told her of it. Of course she was astonished; especially as their connection had been only pleasant; the more astonished because he gave no reason, making only the simple statement that he intended to go.

If she had not been Vic's mother, he would have told her all. O, that he might tell her all, and remove part of the weight, if possible, from his own bosom! Dear motherly Mrs. Penrhyn! how kindly would she have sympathized! But he felt that he could not tell her. Not telling her, he knew of no one whom he could tell; and thus he would be forced to keep the secret in his own heart that he loved a woman who had never thought of him in the light of a lover.

An hour later, Dearborn found Vic in the parlor; found her as he had many times before, alone. She was sitting by a window, her face resting in her hands; something in her attitude seemed to say that she was out of spirits. She raised her head as he entered.

"Mr. Dearborn," she said, quietly.

He returned her salutation, and seated himself by her. For some time conversation was a drag.

"Mother tells me you are going away," she said, at length, after a silence of considerable duration.

"Yes, I am going," he said.

Then something, I know not whether it was an expression of her face, or what, caused him to move closer to her.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," she answered, candidly.

"Why shouldn't I be!"

Surely, there was nothing uncommon in that question. Wasn't she his friend? Of course, then, she would be sorry.

But something made Dearborn's heart leap. He caught both the hands of the girl in his, and looked into her eyes. They fell before his, and his fell to her hands.

The ring! Where was it? Not there.

Not there! What a great wave of hope rolled into Dearborn's heart in that instant!

He caught the girl's gaze again. He kept it. Her face dyed. Her lip quivered. A moment later she burst into tears. Dearborn leaned toward her, and the words that he had never expected to speak found utterance.

"I love you."

If you can tell what made Vic Penrhyn burst into tears you are wiser than I. Love? I think not—at least not exactly. Probably that had something to do with it. Woman's pride almost invariably sustains her in such cases. I think I will venture a guess. It was the consciousness of Will Dearborn's love. Remember, he had not spoken the words, but consider that her heart did not understand. But when he did speak the words her tears dried, and she released her hands from his grasp. She

even straightened herself up coldly. Still an enigma! Yes, I suppose so!

Most certainly so, unless a woman's heart can read a man's love from his glance, and the next instant her pride make her believe it is not so, though he utters the very words.

"Can you, do you love me?" Dearborn murmured.

"I fear, Mr. Dearborn, that pity makes you say all this."

"And wherefore pity?"

"Because—because, you leave soon—because you think I love you."

Dearborn looked at her a moment. Her eyes were moistening again. He caught her face between his hands, and drew it down upon his shoulder. An instant later his lips met hers.

"I love you," he murmured once more.

"And I love you," he heard her say almost beneath her breath.

And love reigned.

* * * * *

Of course it was not an engagement ring that Mr. Ayers was putting on Miss Vic's finger. The whole affair was merely a jest, and she had consented to wear the ring temporarily. Dearborn had witnessed all there was of the affair, and had been mistaken in his conclusions; that was all. Vic had worn the ring for a few days, and had then surrendered it.

* * * * *

I am happy to be able to state that Dearborn rejoices in the possession of a fine, sweet little wife, whose name is Vic; and whom he will never love any less than when he first uttered the words, "I love you."

DICK HASSARD THE YOUNG DESPERADO.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

I HAVE a fancy for true stories; and I believe that all people, old and young, like to know that what they are reading is not the product of somebody's imagination, but is the record of actual facts. I have a story to tell now, which is too sorrowfully true. Those of my readers who took the trouble to look through the article in the July *Ballou's*, will remember the "Bad Man's Story," which is there told, and the assurance which begins it that it is absolutely true. This present narrative is written mainly for the boys; and I want to assure them, also, that excepting names and places there is not one statement made in it which is the least fictitious. It is a melancholy story, as well as a true one; and I tell it as another illustration of that oft-repeated proverb that the way of the transgressor is hard, and of the bad end that bad ways are certain to lead to. And I hope that if any of the young readers of this sketch has got an idea from reading "Claude Duval," "Sixteen-String Jack," or the "Pirate's Own Book," that there is anything pleasant or attractive about a life of crime, the experience of Dick Hassard, as here told, may thoroughly relieve him of any such mistaken notion.

When Dick was born, if any one who knew the family had been asked what the chances were of the boy's future, he would probably have said that the little fellow would grow up to be a useful and honorable member of society. That prediction would have been made, because Dick's father was just such a person, because his mother was (as she is

now) a good and pious lady, and because they were people of great respectability, and the last that would be picked out as the future parents of a young desperado. Dick was always carefully brought up, and attended church and day and Sabbath school regularly. There is but one way to account for his becoming bad; and that is bad company. That is something that will utterly ruin the best boy that ever lived. And I fear that Dick, living in a large town, where there are very many wild youths, was easily led away by their example and bad advice.

Dick's father died when he was quite young, and left him and a younger sister and an older brother to the care of their mother. It was unfortunate for Dick that he had the bad example of this brother before him from the time that he was seven years old. Nobody was ever able to tell why Albert Hassard ran away from home when he was ten years old. It was a very pleasant home, and he might have been very happy there if he had chosen to be; and boys at that age are apt to think more of their home than at any other time. I can only put this down as a fact, that when he was ten years old, Albert ran away to sea, without trying to give any reason for it; and that he afterwards exercised a tremendous influence on Dick for his injury, as I shall presently tell. Albert never returned home. He wandered all over the world within the next few years; his mother heard of him in Turkey, in China, in California and in Australia; but it was always

through acquaintances who had seen him in those countries. He never wrote home, and I think he must have grown utterly hardened. At the time that Dick began his bad courses, Albert was known to be living a wild reckless life off among the Indians and gamblers in one of our territories.

When Dick was fifteen, which was only a year ago, his mother consented that he might leave school and go into a bank. Up to this time he had been a quiet, studious, thoughtful boy; and nobody dreamed of what was coming. Nor was it known by his mother, or any one who had a right to know, that about this time he began to correspond with his brother Albert, and that they continued to write back and forth until Dick left the bank, which was some ten months later. After that happened, one of Albert's letters to Dick was found in his room at home; and it helped to explain the causes that were at work to make a bad boy of Dick.

"You write me," said the letter, "that you have got a place in the Security Bank. Lord, Dick, do you know what a chance you've got to make a pile of money? If I'd ever had such a chance, don't you think I'd have improved it? You bet I would. Now you do the same. Watch your chance, my boy, and make a grab; and then come out here to me, and I'll put you in the way of doubling all you can get hold of."

A few such letters as that from an older brother, and a little bad company nights, would be enough to put the best boy in the world in peril. Of course, there are boys, and I can think of some of them as I write, who have too much moral principle and too much resolution to be led astray so easily; but I think that the safest way in this wicked world, for boys as well as for men, is to shun temptation altogether. These temptations are dreadful enemies, and stronger than we could believe until they actually fasten themselves upon us. Did any of the boys who read this Magazine ever read what Daniel Webster said of them in one of his great speeches? He speaks of "the lion-like temptation, springing upon us unawares, and overcoming our virtue."

Dick had nothing to do with the money in the bank; he was not thought to be old enough for that responsibility. His duties were to run errands, which kept him busy almost the whole of business hours; and of course he was admitted behind the counter of the bank, and was often within reach of

piles of bank bills, one of which was often worth enough to buy the house that my reader lives in. I can't help thinking how much better it would have been for Dick and for all his friends and relatives if he had continued honest and upright. He was naturally so smart and learned so easily, that as he increased in years and experience, he would certainly rise to positions of great honor and profit. We should have seen him, in the course of perhaps two years, clerk in the bank, instead of errand boy; then, in a very few years more, he would be teller; then cashier; and by-and-by it would not be too much to look to find him president of the bank, and owning a good share of the stock. But Dick has disappointed all these hopes, in a way that I will now relate.

When Dick had been ten months errand boy he suddenly declared his intention of leaving, and going West to get another place. His friends, and the officers of the bank were surprised at this, for they had thought him perfectly contented, and were pleased to think he liked the place he was in, and bade fair to be advanced in due time. His mother and some others tried to dissuade him from taking this step; but he declared that he knew it would be the best thing he could do; and in the end he prevailed, and left town for the West. Nobody had any fear when he left that he was doing anything worse than making a mistake out of boyish impatience, and a desire to better himself faster than any lad of his age ought to expect to do. If it had been known then that his journey West was for the purpose of seeing his brother Albert, and where the money came from to make that journey, his friends would have thought very differently about it.

Dick had not been two days out of town when a serious loss was discovered at the bank. It was the loss of five hundred dollars in money.

Business men never make such losses public at once, when they can help it, because they know that there is a much better chance to detect the thief and recover the money when the loss is kept secret. This matter was kept very still, and the public knew nothing of it for several weeks. At such times every one is suspected who has had any chance to take the money; and Dick was under the same suspicion as the others. But very soon most of the officers declared that they did not think Dick had taken it. They believed he was an honest boy and came from

an honest family; and they did not think the circumstance of his leaving about the time that the loss was discovered was at all against him, since his motive for going away was sufficient. Perhaps they were the more inclined to think this way, since the teller was so honest as to say that in his opinion the blame was all his. He remembered that one of the depositors had called for five hundred dollars a few days before, and he was of the opinion that in his hurry he had given him one of the thousand dollar packages, instead of one containing five hundred. This very frank declaration of the teller naturally relieved Dick, as well as everybody else who might have taken the money, of suspicion, and the bank officers and the detectives they employed turned their attention to considering what was the best way to get this money back from the depositor, whom they now considered a great rascal.

This is one of the worst consequences of one person's crime. It generally causes other people who are perfectly innocent to bear very unjust suspicion. A man or a boy who is ever tempted to steal ought to reflect that whether he will be detected and punished, or not, is not the only question about it. The question is a great deal more serious, whether one or more perfectly innocent persons will not be accused and punished unjustly, in his place.

Before the loss of this money had been made public, and before the bank officers had got evidence enough to arrest the suspected depositor, Dick Hassard suddenly appeared in town again. He had on a much better suit of clothes than when he went away, and he had an encouraging story to tell about his success in getting a place at the West. He was promised a good situation on a railroad, and had only come home to say good-by again, as he would not be able to leave this business for at least three years after he had once begun.

This was the story he told, and it was believed, as a matter of course. He had said when he first returned that he could not remain longer than a week. The week passed, and he did not go. Two weeks passed, and he still remained. Three weeks—and he was yet in town, doing nothing but idling about with the boys, and apparently not troubling himself much about his situation at the West. When asked about it he only laughed, and said that he guessed a week or two would make little difference. He was at the bank

quite often, and would go behind the long counter as freely as he used to when he was employed there. One day the president saw him there, and called him into his private office. This office was in the rear of the bank; and when the door between was shut, those who were in the office were alone by themselves.

The president of the bank was a very quiet, stern man. He never said much, but he thought a great deal; and he had had so much experience in the world that his opinion was thought a great deal of, and was often sought for. He had said nothing at all during the discussions at the private meetings in his office, about who took the money; except that when he was asked what he thought about it, he answered that he had not done thinking yet, and that he did not believe that the money had gone the way the teller had thought. He had two reasons for thinking so; first, because the teller was very careful, and in all the twelve years he had been at the bank he had never made a mistake of any consequence, and second, because he had known the depositor all his life, and he believed he was too honest to keep this money if it had been paid to him in this way. The president happened to look out of his office into the bank on this morning; and seeing Dick there, an idea came into his mind which he acted on at once. He called the lad into the office, and asked him to sit down; and then he shut and locked the door, and sat down opposite to him. He fixed his stern eyes on the boy, and Dick trembled.

"Richard," said the president, "you were out West about three weeks, I think."

"Yes sir," Dick replied.

"It must have cost you some money to go and come, and pay your board while you were there."

"My board didn't cost anything, sir. I stayed with my brother."

"With your brother Albert—at a hotel?"

"Yes sir."

"Richard, this is not very likely. There is not a hotel in the country where you could stay in that way for nothing."

"But I tended the office part of the time," Dick stammered, getting confused. "They thought that was worth a good deal to them."

"Ah! Where was this?"

"At Omaha, sir," Dick readily answered.

"What hotel?"

"The—the Mansion House," blundered the boy, desperately.

"There is such a hotel in Buffalo, I believe. I have been in Omaha, and I never heard of it there. What street is it on?"

Dick turned red, and made no answer. The fact is, he had not been to Omaha at all, and he felt that he was involving himself in falsehood with every answer that he made, and that his questioner knew it.

"Richard," said the latter, very sternly, "you are not telling me the truth. You have some motive for concealing it. I know what that motive is."

He looked straight at Dick, and the boy felt that his crime was discovered.

"You stole five hundred dollars from the bank just before you went away, and you are afraid I will discover it. Is this so?"

"Yes sir," Dick answered, in a low tone, looking down to the floor.

"How did you steal it?"

Most boys would have been dreadfully agitated, and perhaps shed tears, and entreated not to be sent to prison, upon being detected in such a crime; but it seemed to the president that this boy felt a great deal more disappointed at being discovered than sorry or fearful. He was quite composed the moment after his confession, which he must have thought could not be escaped; and he answered the questions that followed very coolly.

"I snatched the package from the counter when nobody was looking, and hid it inside my coat."

"What did you do with it?"

"I found Albert at St. Louis, and divided it with him. Then we spent it, riding about and having a good time."

"How much of it have you left?"

"About forty dollars."

"Give it to me."

Dick took the money out of his pocket, and handed it over, looking quite sullen about it.

"Do you know, Richard, that I might send you to the State prison for this?"

"I suppose so."

The president sat and looked at the lad for some moments, and said nothing. He did not ask Dick for his promise to reform, because he had no faith in such a promise. He was not quite decided what to do about it; though he had decided that he would not have Dick arrested, partly on account of the lad's relatives, and partly on account of the credit of the bank, which might be injured if it became known that it had been robbed by

one of its own servants. He saw from Dick's conduct and appearance that he was hardened, and he thought it might be better for him and for the community that he should be punished; but for these other reasons he determined to allow him to escape. The money, he thought, would be made up by the boy's relatives.

"You deserve to go to prison," he said, "but you will probably not—this time. You may leave here now; and remember, the path to the gallows is straight before you, unless you reform. You will be watched from this time, like any other thief."

Dick left the office. Four days passed and he was still in town. The president had not yet told any one of the boy's confession, and had not determined what he had better do about it, when a startling affair happened at the bank, that brought Dick's crime before the public, and shocked and astounded the whole town.

I believe it was the fourth night after this, or rather in the evening, about six o'clock. The bank had been closed two hours, and the clerks were busy balancing the books, and accounting for the money. The books, the vouchers and the cash had been carefully examined three times, with the same result; the cash was thirty dollars short.

"Plague take it!" one of the clerks said. "Any one might think we were all thieves, if these deficiencies continue."

There was a small drawer in the counter which was never used for keeping money. The idea occurred to the clerk that in the haste of the day's business this thirty dollars might have been slipped into this drawer by accident. He drew it out, and found nothing in it but some loose papers. He drew it out so far that he could see behind it, under the counter; and there he saw the face of Dick Hassard!

The clerk did not lose his self-possession; he quietly closed the drawer, and, beckoning to the teller, whispered to him what he had seen. While the clerks watched the doors that opened into the closets under the counter, the teller went to call in the president; and after the whole space beneath the counter had been searched, Dick was at last found in the furthest corner, crouching away in the dust and cobwebs, trying to hide from the search. He was dragged out on the floor where he stood, sullen, silent and defiant. He was asked how he came there, and what he was there for, and he made no reply. He

stood detected in an attempt to commit a daring robbery, such as the most experienced burglars would hesitate to undertake. He was immediately searched, but no money was found on him; and it is thought that he chewed up and swallowed the missing money after he was first discovered. He probably took his opportunity, when the bank was opened in the morning by the janitor of the building, to slip in and hide; and he doubtless intended to slip out the same way, after obtaining a large amount of money.

It was decided to send him to jail immediately. The clerk was despatched for a policeman and a carriage, and in a few moments they were at the door.

"Come," said the president. Dick followed him into the hall, calm and quiet to appearance, but perfectly desperate at heart. Instead of going to the front door with the president, he darted to the rear of the hall, and sprang down a steep flight of stairs. Thirty feet below was a mill-race; and from the head of the stairs, those who followed him out of the hall saw him leap over the rough bank into the race! Expecting to find his dead body, they clambered down to the spot; but Dick had disappeared.

Excepting that his hands were scratched and his arms and legs bruised by this daring jump, the youthful desperado was not injured by it. He swam across the race, and fled through the darkness to a remote part of the town, where he passed the night in a deserted house. He had now eaten nothing since early in the morning, and he could obtain nothing before the next morning. In the meantime the police were searching about the town for him, and one of them, believing that the boy would try to escape by the cars, took his post at the depot. Although he had no money, Dick determined to get off in this way; and about the middle of the next afternoon he made his appearance at the depot, haggard and dirty, with his clothes torn and soiled, and presenting such a forlorn appearance that he was scarcely to be recognized. But the policeman knew him, and immediately took him into custody. Dick made no resistance; but, desperate as ever, he submitted quietly to the arrest, and waited his chance to escape.

The chance came in an unexpected way. Intending to get a carriage to convey him to the jail, which was some distance from the depot, the policeman handed him over for a few moments to the watchman, who took

him into the baggage-room with himself, and locked the door. Dick sat down carelessly on a box, and looked around. His quick eye caught sight of an aperture on the opposite side of the building, less than two feet square which was left open in the daytime for the watchman's dog to pass in and out. The watchman stooped to take up something that he had let fall; when, quicker than I can write it, the young villain seized a hatchet that lay within reach, and dealing the man a savage blow with it that felled him to the floor, he crawled out through the hole and ran swiftly to the woods. Half an hour afterwards the watchman was found lying insensible on the floor, bleeding profusely from what might easily have been a fatal wound in the neck, but which the doctor pronounced only dangerous. But that blow was aimed with such a reckless, if not malicious purpose, that a very slight deviation of the hatchet would have made a murderer of Dick Hassard.

Officers were soon started off in every direction in pursuit of the culprit. Two of them took the road to Belton, a village twenty miles distant, situated on the bank of a deep and swift river, which is here more than half a mile wide. They had stopped so often on the way, and searched so much for the fugitive in out of the way places along the road, that they did not reach Belton till three o'clock in the morning. They roused up the landlord of the hotel, and told him what had happened and whom they were looking for.

"I believe he is up stairs in bed this moment," said the landlord. "Just such a looking boy came along here about eleven o'clock, and wanted something to eat. He ate what I gave him like a famished wild beast, and then said that he was a drover, and had been off afoot looking for some lost cattle, and wanted a bed, but that I must call him sure by four. He said he had lots of money. I didn't half believe the yarn; but it's well I kept him, for, if he's your customer, here he is. Come this way; you can see for yourselves."

They went up to a room in the second story, and found bed and room empty, and the window open. The desperate boy had heard the arrival of the officers, and instantly taking the alarm, had hurried on his clothes, and dropped from the window-ledge to the ground. He was gone again, and for a few hours the officers were baffled in their search.

But not long. Early next morning one of the fishermen discovered that his boat, which

he kept moored to the shore, was gone. Soon after it was found on the other side. Dick had turned it loose, and in the darkness of the night had rowed across that swift dangerous river, careless where he went, so that he escaped pursuit.

But the astonishing hardihood and daring of this boy had been put to their utmost stretch. He was without money, hungry, lonely, and suffering in mind and body; and he began to despair of escape. I think it quite likely, too, that at this time, in the midst of his straits, some very bitter thoughts of his pleasant home, of his mother, his sister and his friends, visited his mind; and it is possible that thoughts of the dreadful wickedness he had done made him turn with horror from himself. At all events, he appeared in a village about five miles from the river the next day, and going straight to a judge who lived there, told him his whole wretched story, just as it was, and asked him what he should do.

The judge gave him the advice that any good man would have given him. "You are not escaping the law, my boy," he said; "for every step plunges you into new error. You are certain to reach a prison in the end; it will be far better for you to retrace your

steps, and be dealt with at home, where you are known, than by strangers."

Dick took this advice, so far, at least, as not to leave the village. I believe the judge telegraphed to the officers; they very soon came and took poor Dick, and carried him back home.

Poor Dick, indeed! What has he gained by all his dreadful depravity? and what has he not lost? He has sacrificed the peace and happiness of his mother, he has brought shame and grief to those who loved him, he has utterly lost a good name, which he cannot regain unless by long years of toil and good conduct, and even then he will take it back tarnished and clouded; and he has lost his liberty for years to come. He lies in jail now, and will probably plead guilty at court; but in any event, he is certain of a long term of imprisonment at hard labor. And only one short year ago Dick Hassard was thought one of the best and most promising boys in town.

I hope that none of the readers of this true story will ever become as bad as Dick Hassard. There is one thing that he did not do which they will find safety in doing, and that is to shun bad influences. They are worse than lions and tigers, and all the beasts of the forest.

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DICK'S BOATING.

Tozer, Alfred B

Ballou's Monthly Magazine (1866-1893); May 1872; 35, 5; American Periodicals

pg. 437

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BY ALFRED B. TOZER.

"BOATING good?"

"Excellent."

"Then I'll go!"

"Dick, you're a fool!"

"Why?"

"Why! Because you are! You're bankrupting my faith in human intelligence!"

"Am I?"

"Stupid! Don't stare at me in that way! By jingo! I'll throw the inkstand if you don't stop!"

"Aint anything in it."

"A match for your head then."

"Anything more'n your opinion that?"

"But I'll prove it! Listen: Been here three years, haven't you? reading bad proof, and writing worse articles all night, and sleeping all day. Now you have a month off,

and calmly propose spending it in a search for new ideas from old journals; just as though anybody cared whether the point of an editorial had been dulled by a century's use, or whether it had never been bright and sharp at all! You haven't seen an acre of land without a hundred houses on it, nor a female face except your landlady's and the cross-eyed waiter girls for a year; and now you propose banishing even these, and going it blind over musty files twenty hours out of the twenty-four! You'll be having your meals sent in through the keyhole next, I suppose. Brains were given for civilization, my boy, and when a fellow's actions make him a barbarian, it proves he hasn't any, that's all."

"But I said I'd go!"

"Yes; you said you'd go for the good boating, and endure the grand old farms and the society of the lady guests, for the privilege of pulling your hands raw, and getting your death or the rheumatism by upsetting those infernal club boats. You're a brute!"

"But I hate 'society,' Rob, and especially country society; and if I must dance attendance I won't go."

"Come on any terms, then, and I'll convert you. I must be off now. I shall expect you Tuesday morning on the early express. Remember!"

And so, on Tuesday morning's express Mr. Richard Hargrave, editor, rode out to Meadowville station, and sat down in the rough passenger house to wait for the carriage his friend Robert Gray, gentleman farmer, had promised to send for him.

It wasn't in sight when the departure of the train left him there alone, and it wasn't in sight when an hour had passed away slowly enough. He paced the rough platform nervously, looking at his watch every three minutes, as the most stoical will do when unaccountably kept waiting.

Another hour passed, and Dick could still see no sign of his deliverance. Only a neatly-dressed young lady, with a flood of brown hair wind-blown about her shoulders, trudging towards him by the dusty road leading over the hill in the direction of the lake, was in sight.

He resolved to inquire the direction of his friend's residence and finish his journey on foot. But as she came nearer him his bashful heart began to give audible thumps of consternation, and he felt a strong inclination to run.

She was evidently a lady of culture, and a very pretty one at that, with eyes blue, bright and winning, just suited to match the hair, a clear-cut oval face, with cheeks full, without being round, delicately tinted with carmine, without being coarsely red, and a mouth sensitive and tender, which seemed now about to break into a hearty laugh as her eyes seemed for the first time to fall on Dick's anxious strides and embarrassed manner. Surely he could not think of appearing before her in the role of a lost city gent! Yet he must do something.

She settled the matter at once by walking straight up to him, and asking:

"Is this Mr. Hargrave?"

"At your service, madam."

Dick tried to speak gallantly, but he col-

ored terribly, and his voice did not sound as smooth as he could have wished.

"I am Robert Gray's sister. You may have heard him speak of Nelly?"

"A great many times."

Dick bowed awkwardly.

"You must be terribly out of patience waiting so long?"

"Not at all," Dick began; then, thinking that not quite the thing, he made the matter worse by saying, "Only a little tired of country scenery hereabouts—the irregularities in appointments, I mean—not quite like—"

He stopped short, twirling his mustache vigorously, and colored to the very roots of his hair. He had evidently "put his foot in it," and half expected to see Miss Gray's blue eyes resent the insult.

"It was outrageous!" she said, as though his remark had been the most commonplace in the world; "and we were so provoked up at the house! Robert was called away on business last evening, and the only horse on the farm that I can drive sprained his ankle for the occasion, I believe, and so I had to come by way of the lake in a lumbering old sail-boat; and then, to complete my misery, the breeze went down! Isn't it a terrible list of calamities? and I fear that it is not full yet, for we must row back. Can you row?"

"O yes; I like nothing better! We shall have quite a jolly time, after all," said Dick, merrily, inwardly pleased at the prospect of showing off his pet accomplishment. He was getting interested in the bright face and girlish figure already!

It was quite a walk over the long sandy bluff to the lake shore, and the sultry August sun, pouring down upon his head, made the jaunt anything but a pleasant one to Dick, unaccustomed as he was to vigorous exercise.

The sail-boat was anything but a toyish affair, and Dick found it no easy matter to get up even a moderate rate of speed with the clumsy oars. He struck out bravely, however, and succeeded in blistering his hands finely before a quarter of the three miles to Robert's landing was passed. How he prayed for a breeze!

"Shall I row now, Mr. Hargrave?"

"No indeed!" ejaculated he, just ready to faint with the sun and work, glancing first at the sober face just opposite, and then at the small shapely hands folded demurely on the prettiest of pink aprons.

"But I row a great deal with Robert, and

he even praises me sometimes. Let me try, please; you are getting tired."

Dick assured her that he never felt more like rowing in his life, realizing all the time that he was growing pale from exhaustion, and pulled away lustily.

"What beautiful clear water!" he finally stopped to say, laving his blistered hands from the side of the boat, when he could row no further without resting. It would have been an excellent ruse, only he did not notice that he had stopped where a black bottom gave the water the appearance of anything but crystal.

"I really shall feel ill-natured, Mr. Hargrave, if you do not let me share some of the glory of our undertaking."

Dick thought he caught a glance of both pity and merriment in Miss Nelly's eyes as she spoke, but he arose from the seat, saying:

"I submit then; but only because the penalty is so severe."

He tried to speak gayly, but it was a sad failure. He was actually dizzy, and just then his foot struck against something in the bottom of the boat, and down the poor fellow went—not into the boat, but into the lake.

He isn't positive to this day how it came about, but it is certain that when Dick came to the surface, he was helped into the boat by no less a person than Robert Gray; and it is just as certain that two boats lay rocking on the sunlit waters where only one had been before!

"I am glad to see you, old fellow," laughed his friend, as Dick stood shivering in the boat, with fountains of lake water gushing from clothes and hair. "What on earth has Nell been doing to you? Excuse me, Dick, but it's so comical!" And Robert, holding his sides with both hands, laughed long and loudly.

"All my own awkwardness!" Dick finally stammered, not daring to look into Miss Nelly's face, yet feeling that she was laughing at him.

"I'm sure I don't know what I should have done but for you, Rob," Dick continued. "It was fortunate you were near by."

"Yes; I returned sooner than I expected, and rowed down to meet you and Nell. I came in front, and, and, as you were rowing, you did not see me. But we can never get home in that tub," he went on, laughingly, pointing to the clumsy boat Dick had been

rowing; "get into my boat, and I'll soon bring you home."

He was as good as his word, and poor Dick was soon selecting a dry suit from his trunk—which had somehow, notwithstanding the scarcity of horses and drivers, arrived before him.

And now comes the delicate part of my story. I don't believe in having heroes and heroines listening to improbable conversations about just what they want to know, in all sorts of outlandish places; but then, if I leave out what Dick heard from his chamber window as he put the finishing twist to his necktie, I leave out the best part of it all, and that, you know—or ought to—wont do at all.

"And so your friend literally rowed himself into our presence, if not into our favor," he heard some one saying. "I actually heard that was all he came here for; and that we girls had such a rival in Rob's new boat club that the battle was lost already. But I really did not think that he would begin so soon!"

A burst of silvery laughter from half a dozen girlish throats followed the speech, and Dick felt his cheeks burning red as he listened to Nelly's voice.

"I say this is too bad, girls. He did splendidly rowing that old scow all loaded down with stones! I was sorry I had anything to do with it when I saw him getting so tired. He was quite dizzy when he got up, and that is why he fell overboard. I really pitied him!"

"But isn't it a glorious joke?" a new voice said. "And wont it be jolly if he is utterly disgusted with rowing? He's handsome, anyway!"

"Hush, Jessie! he will hear you. No, I don't think he will go rowing again right away," said Nelly.

But he did, though! And he asked Miss Nelly to go with him that very night, and many pleasant nights thereafter. And before long they came to be such good friends that Dick told her how he found out about the "job they put upon him," as he expressed it, and then was so ungenerous as to refuse to forgive her for her part in the effort to "disgust him with rowing," unless she would promise to "let him row her through life."

"And I hope it will be without any extra weight or wettings," he said, laughing.

And Nelly hoped so too, for she had told him "Yes!"

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"I really shall feel ill-natured, Mr. Hargrave, if you do not let me share some of the glory of our undertaking."

Dick thought he caught a glance of both pity and merriment in Miss Nelly's eyes as she spoke, but he arose from the seat, saying:

"I submit then; but only because the penalty is so severe."

He tried to speak gayly, but it was a sad failure. He was actually dizzy, and just then his foot struck against something in the bottom of the boat, and down the poor fellow went—not into the boat, but into the lake.

He isn't positive to this day how it came about, but it is certain that when Dick came to the surface, he was helped into the boat by no less a person than Robert Gray; and it is just as certain that two boats lay rocking on the sunlit waters where only one had been before!

"I am glad to see you, old fellow," laughed his friend, as Dick stood shivering in the boat, with fountains of lake water gushing from clothes and hair. "What on earth has Nell been doing to you? Excuse me, Dick, but it's so comical!" And Robert, holding his sides with both hands, laughed long and loudly.

"All my own awkwardness!" Dick finally stammered, not daring to look into Miss Nelly's face, yet feeling that she was laughing at him.

"I'm sure I don't know what I should have done but for you, Rob," Dick continued. "It was fortunate you were near by."

"Yes; I returned sooner than I expected, and rowed down to meet you and Nell. I came in front, and, and, as you were rowing, you did not see me. But we can never get home in that tub," he went on, laughingly, pointing to the clumsy boat Dick had been

rowing; "get into my boat, and I'll soon bring you home."

He was as good as his word, and poor Dick was soon selecting a dry suit from his trunk—which had somehow, notwithstanding the scarcity of horses and drivers, arrived before him.

And now comes the delicate part of my story. I don't believe in having heroes and heroines listening to improbable conversations about just what they want to know, in all sorts of outlandish places; but then, if I leave out what Dick heard from his chamber window as he put the finishing twist to his necktie, I leave out the best part of it all, and that, you know—or ought to—wont do at all.

"And so your friend literally rowed himself into our presence, if not into our favor," he heard some one saying. "I actually heard that was all he came here for; and that we girls had such a rival in Rob's new boat club that the battle was lost already. But I really did not think that he would begin so soon!"

A burst of silvery laughter from half a dozen girlish throats followed the speech, and Dick felt his cheeks burning red as he listened to Nelly's voice.

"I say this is too bad, girls. He did splendidly rowing that old scow all loaded down with stones! I was sorry I had anything to do with it when I saw him getting so tired. He was quite dizzy when he got up, and that is why he fell overboard. I really pitied him!"

"But isn't it a glorious joke?" a new voice said. "And wont it be jolly if he is utterly disgusted with rowing? He's handsome, anyway!"

"Hush, Jessie! he will hear you. No, I don't think he will go rowing again right away," said Nelly.

But he did, though! And he asked Miss Nelly to go with him that very night, and many pleasant nights thereafter. And before long they came to be such good friends that Dick told her how he found out about the "job they put upon him," as he expressed it, and then was so ungenerous as to refuse to forgive her for her part in the effort to "disgust him with rowing," unless she would promise to "let him row her through life."

"And I hope it will be without any extra weight or wettings," he said, laughing.

And Nelly hoped so too, for she had told him "Yes!"

DOBBY'S ATTEMPT.

BY M. A. ALDEN.

EVERYBODY was preparing for Christmas, and Dobby was not behindhand. One day, he and his little sister, and his cousin Carry, who had come to spend Christmas with them, were talking matters over, and deciding what should be given to each one of their friends.

Dobby despatched Bell upon some trifling errand, while he confided to Carry that his gift to her was a doll's cradle, which his brother Jacob was to get for him at the city, where he was staying at that time.

Bell returned, and entreated, in her most bewitching manner, Dobby to tell her at least the first letter of the name of his present to her; but not even that could she extort from him, even with her arms about his neck, and her cherry lips showering him with kisses.

"Then tell's me what you're going to give muver," said Bell.

"Couldn't," said Dobby, with an air of the most profound secrecy. "It's something of my own invention. I'm making it in Jacob's workshop."

"And he wont let me know," said Carry, "only I know he's at work on it day and night."

"You'll see," said Dobby.

Perhaps if some one had seen, they would have advised him as to the size of his present. As it was, he used his own judgment, and being naturally generous made it correspondingly large. It was a mammoth work, but one day he confided to Carry that it was all ready to paint, and asked her advice as to the color. Carry thought she could tell better if she knew what it was.

"Supposing it was something to look at."

"Ornamental?" said Carry.

"Yes," said Dobby, "as well as useful," pleased with his own wisdom.

"I do not think I can tell unless I know what it is," said Carry.

Dobby hesitated.

"If you must know," he said, whispering in her ear, "it's a flower-stand."

"O, that is a good present!" said Carry.

"Now you've told me what it is, you might let me see it."

"You're a perfect tease," said Dobby.

"I do not want any one to see it until it is all done. It will look a great deal better, too, I hope, when it is painted."

A hope every one would have cherished, who chanced to catch a glimpse of Dobby's flower-stand in its present state. Large and square, altogether uncouth, it was anything but ornamental. Dobby had his doubts, but he did not like to yield to them after all his labor, and trusted to the painting and varnishing to render his gift presentable. He would not let May see it, and made her promise that she would not so much as peep at it.

Together they had decided upon green for a color, and Dobby had walked to F— for his paint, and brought it back in his hand. That had taken him a day; two days, in truth, for the next day he was far too tired to work on his treasure.

Just at evening he thought he would go up, as he felt somewhat rested, and "just try" the paint. He lighted his father's lantern and ascended. In the gloom he saw the heavy outlines of the flower-stand. He rested the lantern on it, and it stood revealed in all its want of loveliness. One moment his heart sank, the next he dashed his brush into the paint, and relieved his mind by the beautiful green that the upper shelf of the stand displayed. In a hurried manner he painted the whole of that shelf—it was smaller than the others—and, as he painted, it took him a marvellously short

time to accomplish it. He stood to survey it from all points of view, and carelessly swinging the lantern from right to left, all at once it clashed against one of the projecting shelves of the flower-stand, shattering the glass and extinguishing the light.

Dobby felt something cold and thick creeping about his hand, as, stumbling in the dark, he caught hold of the stand to steady himself. His paint! He sprang away from it as if it had been a serpent, blundered through the darkness to the stairs, and called lustily for some one to bring him a light. Luckily Carry heard him, and hastened to the rescue.

"Take care," he said; "don't come near me, I'm all covered."

"O," said Carry, in consternation, "it's all down your jacket and on your pants! Will it ever come off? O Dobby?"

The flower-stand had burst upon her unexpected sight, and, hard as it is to confess it, frightened her at first. Dobby thought the broken lantern was the cause of her consternation, and said, sadly:

"Yes, it's all broken to pieces. I don't know what father'll say."

"Broken?" asked Carry, bewildered.

"Yes; the lantern all gone to smash, on account of that plaguy stand. I wish it had never been begun."

So did Carry, as she looked at it, but she would not have said so for worlds.

"The paint isn't all spilt," she said, looking at the bright side, where she could, in this general disaster.

"Do you think there is enough to paint it?" asked Dobby.

Carry looked at the flower-stand—she knew it must be the flower-stand, she did not dare to ask—then back into the now upright paint-pot.

"I should think if you put it on thin there might be."

"But it's got to go on double," said Dobby.

"Wont the varnish do for the double?" asked Carry.

"O bother, no!" said Dobby, half-laughing, half crying. "It's all spoilt any way."

"No, it isn't," said Carry, decisively. "They always put oil into paint to make more, and you can put some oil in and make more if this gives out."

"So I can," said Dobby. "There's a whole can of oil, just such kind as I want, on the shelf in the woodhouse closet, and

to-morrow morning I'll fix it. I'm awful sorry about my clothes, and about the floor, too. I mustn't let mother know. She'd be asking all kinds of questions. I wish you'd run and get me my overcoat and overalls."

Carry obeyed this request, and brought word from his mother that Dobby had better not stay up there any longer.

"I don't know what I'm going to do about the lantern," said Dobby, as he slowly followed his sister down stairs. "Father'll be asking for it. I shan't be able to make any presents; I shall have to spend all my money to buy a new one."

Carry said nothing, from very sympathy, and the next day felt her "heart jump into her mouth," as she expressed it, when Dobby's mother said:

"Where's your father's lantern, Dobby?"

"It's broken," said Dobby. "I broke it, but I'm going to get another as soon as I can."

Then followed questions, all of which Dobby skillfully evaded. He had broken the lantern, and it was his intention to get another, and that was all Dobby would say.

Fortunately for him, his father possessed another lantern, and excused him from spending his slender funds for one, although he blamed his carelessness, and cautioned him to be more careful in future.

"If you only *knew*," said poor Dobby, "you'd see what an accident it was, and how I couldn't possibly help it."

Anyone with a harder heart than Dobby's father would have pitied the poor little lad, knowing the circumstances.

When Jacob returned from the city and unexpectedly came upon Dobby, hard at work putting the last touches to his mighty work, he was at first appalled at the smell of varnish, then, pausing in the doorway, uttered a loud amused laugh, as the shining flower-stand met his view.

Dobby thought he must be laughing at him, for he surely did cut an amusing figure, as he stood busily engaged at his work. He was rather glad than otherwise to hear Jacob laugh, for he had been somewhat terrified at the thought of what he would say upon beholding the floor daubed and redeaubed with that vexatious paint, which, not being content with being overthrown once, had actually crawled sluggishly on to the floor a second and a third time.

"What is it?" asked Jacob, at last; "a flying machine or a ploughing match?"

Dobby hung his head.

"Ploughing match," he said; "a ploughing match isn't a thing."

"But what are you making, Dobby?" asked Jacob, coming nearer and examining it more closely.

Dobby flung his brush on to the floor, and, sinking down on it himself, began to kick and to cry.

"Never mind, Dob; tell me what it is," said Jacob; sorry that he had laughed. "If you'll only tell me what it is, perhaps I should know;" and, despite his efforts to the contrary, Jacob laughed again even more heartily than before.

Dobby ceased kicking and sobbed.

"Come, Dobby," said Jacob, "what is it? Did you make it all and paint—" Jacob paused at the word paint to stifle a laugh, for there seemed nothing but paint from floor to ceiling—"and paint it all while I was gone?"

Dobby was completely silent, lying on the floor embracing the paint-brush. Jacob was racking his mind to discover, if possible, what it was that he was surveying. Suddenly it occurred to him that it might possibly be a side-table.

"It's convenient, anyway, Dobby," he said; "it will hold a dozen or more—"

Fortunately he had not said *pies* when Dobby, springing up with new vigor, said:

"It'll hold more than three dozen, I know, for I counted. The two ivies can go on top."

"So they can," exclaimed Jacob, with an eagerness rivalling only Dobby's own. "And two or three dozen verbenas on the lower shelf, and they'll look just like a flower-bed in summer."

Dobby glanced up under threatening brows to see if this was earnest. Jacob's countenance was sober; he was evidently planning for the second shelf.

"Yes," said Dobby, hopefully, "if it's all covered with flowers, it can't show any of itself; but I don't know where the flowers are coming from."

"It's a present, is it?" asked Jacob.

"Yes, for mother."

"Then I'll make her a present, too, of the plants to cover it."

"O, thank you!" shouted Dobby; "after all the paint I've spilt on your floor, too!"

Jacob's unfeeling laughter was quite for-

gotten in this kindness. Dobby thought him the very best of men.

But even this plan for making Dobby's effort presentable was doomed to failure. Jacob discovered in time that the flower-stand never could be got through the doorway. What could be done? Should they cut off the flower-stand or cut out the doorway? The first plan seemed best, as there was only one flower-stand, and a good many doorways for it to go through. But, owing to its structure, the flower-stand could not be cut off without its falling to pieces. Dobby fairly glared when the extent of this last disaster became apparent to him.

"No help for it," said Jacob; "we shall have to think of something else."

"To give her?" faltered Dobby.

"Yes; you see there is no possible way of moving this, and there isn't time to make it over."

"I shouldn't think there was," said Dobby, half crying again.

"I tell you; why didn't you think of it before? Buy a stand. I saw some beauties in the city."

"They cost so much," said Dobby; "beside, I wanted to give mother something that I made myself."

"O!" said Jacob, meditatively. "I tell you, Dobby, you shall buy it, and, in a certain way, you shall make the present yourself."

Dobby took his pocket-handkerchief, which was green in spots like the floor, and blew his nose violently, then, rubbing the tears into his face, sat down despondently to listen to Jacob's plan.

"I saw a flower-stand, just such as I am sure your mother would like, for a very reasonable price. I am going to the city again in a day or two, and will take you with me to look at it. Then, if you like it, I will lend you the money to get it. You can sell me this one; I shall like it for some purpose, I am sure;" for a curiosity he would like to have added, but, respecting Dobby's feelings, he was silent. "Then, now you have begun to paint my floor, I will employ you to paint it altogether, and, by blacking my boots now and then and running on errands for me, you can soon pay your debt to me, and the present will be quite as much of your own making as this one."

Dobby rubbed the backs of his hands

into his eyes a moment, scratched his head, and then said, a grin overspreading his face:

"At any rate, I shall make mother a present, and a first-rate one, too, and that's the main thing. I'm much obliged to you, Jacob. Next time I make or get a present for anybody, I'll ask *somebody* about it beforehand. I never can make a secret pres-

ent. There was that old vase I got to give Mrs. Drew; I wish I had it now, just to stand on top of the flower-stand as a warning to me."

At which Dobby laughed till more tears made a map over his various hued cheeks, and Jacob, joining with him, Mrs. Selden peeped in to see what they were laughing at.

DOWN THIRTY FATHOMS.

BY M. QUAD OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

It is fearfully lonesome down under the green waters of the Lakes—down where the wrecked ships sway this way and that in obedience to the swell. The fishes seek you out, rub their noses against the diver's helmet, nibble at his rubber dress, and sometimes allow themselves to be pushed away by the heavily-gloved hand.

It is so quiet down there that the feeling makes one nervous, and brings out all the superstition in his nature. There are no voices, no shouts, no sighing of the wind or whistling of the gale. The sunken ship may rub the rocks as the swell moves her, but there is no comfort in the sound. It is like one pounding on a coffin. The booms may creak and groan as they swing from side to side, but the sound strikes a chill through the diver, and makes his heart beat faster, so much do the noises resemble the shrieks or the wails of those dying in agony.

Did you ever stop to think why submarine divers are always noted for being quiet unsocial men, talking only when forced to, preferring a book and a corner over everything else? Well, it is for this reason—because there is something in the silence down there at the bottom of the lake or bay which awes and overpowers any human mind—which will in a short time change a man's nature.

Not the silence alone, but every diver knows that he carries his life in his hand, as it were, and none ever goes down without feeling that the grasp of death may be at his throat before he sees the sun again. A breakage in the machinery of the air-pumps—the prick of a nail or sliver through the hose which supplies him—a sudden storm—an entanglement of his lines—there is everything to hasten his death, and nothing to guard his life. He feels all this; the sights and sounds thirty fathoms down are remembered after he comes up, and he gets to wrap himself up in himself, and then he is no longer sociable.

But there are temptations for a diver to continue on in his hazardous occupation, even though he risks his life every day. There is a pecuniary inducement, and be-

sides this, there is something which makes one exult as he passes the chain under the sunken ship, patches the hole in her side which caused her to founder, or hooks up what is valuable of rigging or machinery. He feels that he is cheating nature; that he is robbing the howling gale and tossing waves of their legitimate plunder.

Do you recall the fate of the propeller Wave, which went down in Lake Huron several years ago? A stanch craft, well manned, heavily loaded, having a large passenger list, she was seen off Lexington one June night at midnight, during a storm, and that was the last known of her until the divers dragged and found her, and went down to meet the death-stare of the many corpses.

It was my job. My job to raise her for her owners if I could, and my task to go down first and meet the sights which might have startled the younger divers—which startled me. We kiss our dead as they lie in their coffins, eyes closed, hands folded over their breasts, resting peacefully in a sleep only to be broken when the angel calls. We push back the hair, we press the cold hands—we wail and grieve that our dead are our dead. We do this, and we have no chill of fear that they will harm us.

But down at the bottom of the lake, the bare knowledge that a corpse is in steerage or cabin, floating about and grasping at panel and door with its stiff fingers, eyes open, hair floating and swaying like seaweed, makes the diver a child.

We found the Wave after a time, resting on the bottom thirty fathoms down. Few divers like to go over a hundred feet; fewer will go one hundred and fifty, and not half a dozen in the country have ever ventured down as deep as one hundred and eighty feet. It takes a deal of lifeline and hose when one goes that far, and it makes the pumps labor and strain to furnish him air.

However, the pecuniary inducements were great, and we got our scow in the vicinity of the wreck as soon as possible. A hundred feet in any direction from the

sunken vessel the water was not over forty feet deep, giving us a chance to anchor near our work. The Wave had gone down in the only deep hole for miles, as our soundings showed.

I had with me two good divers, but neither would go down until I had first made an exploration. Not a pound of freight, not a single body of the fifty or sixty had been washed on shore, and the divers knew what a sight would meet them down there at the bottom.

I only intended to make an examination of the vessel's bottom on my first trip, we being anxious to ascertain what had sent her down, and whether she could be raised or not. I donned the dress, the heavy helmet was screwed on, the pumps started, and directly I was over the side and sinking down, grasping at the rope first lowered and anchored, so that I should not go too fast and tangle my lines.

Ugh! It makes one shudder to leave the blue sky, bright sunshine, and the face of fellow-man behind, for a descent among the fishes. The ears ring, the water hisses and gurgles, the air-bubbles dance and whirl as they gather strength for the ride to the surface; and the dread that you may meet your fate down there weighs on the mind like a rock.

I got down at last. The distance was so great that my lines and pipe weighed heavily, and the pumps could hardly force me air enough. The bottom was of hard blue clay, keeping the water clear, and giving my heavy soles a firm hold. There was a gentle swell at the surface when I went down, but below it was not felt. There was a movement of the water, like one swinging slowly this way and that, but it did not impede my motions. I went down a sharp grade for fifty feet or more, almost sitting down to keep from running, and the lost ship loomed up before me. She was painted a clear white, but looked to me then to be the color of lead. In sinking the Wave had keeled over a little to port, and hollowed herself a bed in that clay, coming up on an even keel now and then, as the swell lifted her, but always falling back in the old position. I stood and watched her a moment, and then passed under her stern and around on the starboard side. Now it was that I discovered the cause of her going down: Before me, piled up for or five feet high, was a mass

of stoves, iron, and other heavy freight, which had been rolled out through a fearful hole in the bottom—a hole so large and ragged that I at once saw that no diver could ever patch it. She had struck a rock while tossing among the waves, and had gone down before sailing three times her length.

Carefully gathering up my lines, I walked past her stern two hundred feet to the west, and a huge rock rose up in my path, looking like a mountain. Striking upon this, near the surface, the Wave had staggered along a moment, and then plunged down, to be forever hidden from the sight of all but the divers. Walking back, I passed clear around her, climbed up on the freight, and looked into the huge orifice, through which a team could have been driven; it was settled that she would never float again.

With spirits much depressed at the gloomy prospect, I walked clear of the vessel, up the incline, found my rope, and in a little time was at the surface again and on board the scow. All the men above were pecuniarily interested, and we held a consultation. The railroad iron was valuable, and could be easily got at; much of the machinery could be taken out, and would sell readily; it was believed that the clerk's safe contained at least two thousand dollars; and, canvassing the whole subject, it was decided not to abandon the enterprise. I should go down in the morning, visit the different departments of the ship, let the dead loose so that they might float to the surface, and then the other divers would take turn-and-turn with me at the job of stripping the wreck.

It was too late to go down again that afternoon, but at nine o'clock next morning I was ready to go over the scow's rail for the second time. Fastened to the dress were two little beackets, made to hold a wrench, or other tool, and as I sat on the rail, one of the men slipped his knife, sheath and all, through the straps. He made signs to me through the little window of the helmet, and I laughed to think that I should take along a knife to stab at the dead, at the men whose fingers were shrivelled and blue.

Fifteen minutes after I was standing beside the wreck again, dreading the task before me. The swell was a little stronger than before, as there was a fresh morning

breeze above, and I could hear a cracking and groaning of machinery as the propeller swayed this way and that. The pile of freight had been added to, and several other bottom planks were just ready to burst out.

Passing around the freight, I reached the bow of the Wave, and then it was easy enough to get on board. One of her anchors was down, and it was the work of a moment to ascend by the cable. On deck everything looked as if the ship was yet at the surface pursuing her voyage. Nothing had been broken or disarranged, and the pilot-house loomed up before me through the green water, a proof that the ship had not fought against a storm.

I knew what I should find up there. One corpse, perhaps two, would be floating about, bumping against the roof as the vessel yielded to the strength of the swells. But I went around to the step, pulled open the door, gave one look inside, and then I fell back and hastened away. Both wheelmen were at the wheel, both standing upright, grasping at the spokes, and one of them had looked at me with his great glassy eyes and nodded his head! Alive? Pooh! It was childish in me to feel afraid of the dead, when I had searched out so many! After a moment I reached the step again, hesitated, and then mounted up beside the dead wheelmen. Brave men! They must have felt the shock, heard the shouts and wails of crew and passengers, felt the ship going down to her dark grave, but they clung to their post. Both hands grasping the spokes, they stood as if alive, their heads nodding as the ship rolled. I must clear them out, though I dreaded to touch their bony hands.

Bracing myself, I seized the first one, jerked at him, and finally his fingers left the spokes and I had the body in my arms. Pushing it out through the door, I saw it whirl about two or three times and then slowly ascend. The other would not leave the wheel until I had unclasped his fingers one by one, and then his long arms swayed about as if seeking to grasp me. When he had been sent after the other I felt easier, and had not so much dread to meet the sights which were to come. I knew that the cabin would be full of passengers; that the dead occupied the staterooms; that I should find them down on the main deck; and so I avoided those places and made my

way around to the office. The door was shut, and I halted a moment and read the little gold sign over it. I knew the clerk would be in there, and seized the knob and slowly opened the door.

The water rushed out in a volume, but no body came. I pushed the door further in, and at length walked into the room. There were trunks and garments floating about, a desk knocking against the partition, papers and books to be seen everywhere, but I was looking for something else—for the clerk. I peered here and there through the thick water, brushed back the papers, and was feeling a sense of relief, when I felt something seize my legs.

With a scream of terror I jumped back and looked down, and the corpse was there! Its arms were widespread, the fingers bent like hooks, and the face wore an expression of agony which made my flesh creep. I reached down, seized a foot, and soon rid myself of the unwelcome presence. Then I carefully felt about until my foot struck the iron safe, and I seized it by the handle. I could not have moved it except down there, where the water gave me a great advantage. I drew it to the rail, heaved it over, and following it down, dragged it up the slope to my anchor-rope. Signalling to the men above, they sent me down a weighted line, and directly the safe went up out of sight. Whether a hundred or a thousand dollars, we had all the money, at any rate.

I did not go back on the upper deck again, but clambered into the port gangway, aft, to look at the engines. It was darker there, but yet I could get around without much difficulty. The engines were all right, and I saw that the machinery could be easily recovered. There must be bodies floating about, and I looked this way and that to discover them. Creeping slowly forward through the gangway left between the piles of freight, my head bumped against something, and I looked up and saw the white face of one of the crew. Seizing hold of him I towed him out, and the body rose up lightly as I let go of it.

Returning, I found another and another, until I had counted ten and had used up an hour's time. The last body was on its knees in the gangway, hands holding fast to a stove, and I had to jerk and sway several times to break the death-grasp. The man had fallen down and commenced a

prayer when the vessel plunged and staggered, a prayer which was cut short when the waters parted, and when the gulls rose higher as they heard the long loud shrieks of the fifty human beings going to their death.

There were no more bodies on this deck. The firemen and coal-heavers would be found below, but I did not propose to go down there. I must, however, go through the cabin before either of the other divers, who were to take the engine apart, would venture down. Gathering up my lines, I leaped down to the ground, and walked forward to the bow. As I stood with my hand on the cable, ready to go up, some one touched me on the shoulder. Turning quickly around, I screamed out at the sight. Two of the deck hands were standing close beside me, not standing, but rising and falling, sometimes being above me, and then sinking until their water-soaked boots touched the clay. Their arms swayed about, as if striking at me, their heads nodded and swayed, and through their parted lips I caught the gleam of white teeth hard shut.

I recovered from my fright in a moment, but the company was disagreeable, and I clambered up the cable as fast as possible. The bodies followed me part way up, and then sank down again. I had been down a long time, and but for the job before me should have gone to the surface for rest. I did not wish to come down again, and believed that a few minutes would finish my work.

Passing into the dining-room, I found a weight to hold the door open, and then went on to the door of the cabin. Clinging to the knob with both hands was the negro steward, and clinging to him was a white man, one of the passengers. Both were swaying this way and that with the swells, but their feet never left the floor. Drawing them out, I passed into the cabin, but there was only one corpse in the whole room, that of a babe about two years old. It was lying on a lounge, its tiny fingers clutched fast in the cloth.

I left the babe as I found it, and opened stateroom No. 1. A man fell out, and went floating towards the door, having a pillow in his grasp. I opened No. 2, and a girl came gliding out, her long hair floating on the water. One after another the doors were opened, the dead came out, and at

length there were a score or more of them passing out with the current.

I now determined to go up. There were the pantry, the rooms of the officers, and the kitchen yet to visit, all doubtless containing the dead, but the pumps were not giving me air enough, and I was tired out. I opened the pantry door as I passed, but saw no one. Walking aft, I swung myself over the rail, hung a moment, and then dropped down. As I found my feet, an arm was passed around my neck, and a corpse settled on my shoulders. I struggled to shake off the burden, and another corpse confronted me, its glassy eyes at my helmet window. I threw out my arm, and my hand rested on the head of a woman, whose fingers caught at my glove as if to hold me!

I crept close to the screw, not afraid, but annoyed, and in a moment I could count twenty corpses. All were floating in upright positions, all swaying their arms, and all looking at me with their large eyes. I knew that some current had drawn them there, and that they were harmless, but I dreaded to move out, knowing that my "wake" would draw them. The dead stood on all sides, as if an audience assembled to hear me speak. If I pushed one back, he took his place again, or rose up and grasped his bony fingers at my head.

But I moved at last. I pushed away those in my path, and had just left the vessel, when, right down in front of me came the negro cook, a huge fellow, in his shirt-sleeves, and having in his right hand a large carving-knife. He gave me a fearful shock, as he seemed to dispute my progress, and I dreaded his knife. As I tried to move him away, he struck at me, and tried to fling the other arm around my neck! The others came to help him. They grasped at my legs; they clutched at my arms; they settled down on my shoulders; and I shrieked for help! I struck at them; I pushed them away, and I jerked savagely at the floating tresses of the woman, feeling that they wanted to hold me down there!

Running up the slope, they all came after me, the negro first of all. I fought him back as I clutched the anchor-rope and gave the signal, but they pushed him at me again, and he felt over my face and at my throat.

I remembered the knife, and pulled it out. He was grasping at me, and I stabbed

him again and again in my frenzy! The men hauled at the rope and I went up, but the dead followed, drawn by the eddy. The negro came faster than the rest, and his white eyes glared through the glass. I kicked him, and he clutched my feet; I stabbed him, and he grasped at the knife! As I reached the surface, he shot high above it, flourished his arms, and then fell and floated with the score of others, one

hand raised high out of water and the knife glittering in the sun.

I would not go down again; the other divers refused, and we left the Wave to rush with the swells. A year later, other divers went down for the machinery—one diver. What he found down there no one will ever know. Something pricked through his hose, and he was drawn up a corpse.